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HOWEVER they may have to be modified and supplemented in detail, the plans which will be submitted to Congress by the administration for an increase in the army and navy have been framed along sound lines and have been kept within justifiable limits. The proposed additions to the navy should be sufficient to make the United States safe for the present from attack by any one country except Great Britain. They should be sufficient to make the American navy a factor which cannot be ignored in the exercise of police power on the high seas. The proposed additions to the army are based in general upon the ideas which the General Staff has long considered essential to the formation and training of a sufficient and capable military force. The reduction in the term of enlistment of the regular army together with a moderate increase of its numbers will build up a first line of soldiers who will either be already serving with the colors or only recently discharged. The second line will consist of a national militia—the proposal which forms the most adventurous and most meritorious aspect of the new plan. The national militia will constitute the "armed citizenry," upon whom a democracy ought to depend for its fighting power; but unlike the state militia it will be a well equipped, well disciplined, well officered and well organized army. Finally, as a last line there will be the old national guard, but whether or not it will contribute much to the strength of the system is doubtful. Like other "last lines" which are somewhat the worse for wear, it may have to be dropped into the discard. Even without it the nation would possess a body of trained men which could be mobilized in less time than it would take to land an expeditionary force in this country, and which would supply a partial foundation for a larger army in case the country became involved in a serious war.

IN deciding to make the plans for the increase of the army and navy the most conspicuous part of the administration's legislative program, the President has adopted the wise and courageous course. By giving his official sanction to a moderate but sufficient policy of "preparedness" Mr. Wilson has prevented the Republicans from appropriating the issue and seeking to make it dominant in the next campaign. His policy has the enormous merit of being one on which good citizens who are neither alarmists nor non-resistant pacifists can unite. Of course all good citizens will not as a matter of fact rally to its support. Now that the attention of the country is focussed on a definite plan, there will be a corresponding focussing of the opposition. During the next few months this opposition will grow and become very formidable. In the Democratic party it will be led by Mr. Bryan, and it will control enough votes in Congress to force the administration to depend on Republican assistance for a majority. In the Republican party it will be led, we venture to predict, by Senator LaFollette, and will obtain considerable support among the representatives from the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. A great deal of opposition will be encountered also from the friends of the state militia, who

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are strong among the politicians, and who will be justifiably apprehensive in respect to the ability of the national guard to survive competition from the proposed "*continental*" army. But powerful as this opposition will be and effective as it may be in forcing undesirable amendments to the administration's plan, the President has all the advantage of position. By assuming personal responsibility for a project of this kind the President has submitted the question to Congress and the country in a way that is most likely to elicit a useful and helpful answer. He has given to the country the leadership for which it was asking, and without which Congress would have been powerless to deal with the problem effectively.

ON November 4th the President will deliver a speech in New York advocating and explaining the military and naval plans of the administration. We trust that he will not miss the opportunity to deal with the subject in its larger aspects. The newspapers have informed the country how the administration proposes to prepare. The President can enlighten it about what the administration proposes to prepare for. No exposition of the plan has even hinted that it has been framed in subordination to a general national policy. THE NEW REPUBLIC has not opposed it in spite of this deficiency, because in our opinion the proposed amount of military and naval preparation can be justified by a sound estimate of the national interests and the international responsibilities of the United States. We have our doubts, but these do not concern the details of the plan so much as the arguments which are used to advocate it. These arguments assume that the only purpose for which the United States needs to prepare is self-defense. But against whom are we to defend ourselves, and how much do we intend to defend? The proposed navy is sufficient for defense against Germany or Japan, but it would be insufficient against Great Britain. The proposed army might be able to protect the country from an expeditionary force launched by a single country, but the countries of Europe and Asia are grouped in alliances, and an attack might come from two sides or directions. And even if the new army and navy were adequate to defend the United States, are they adequate to defend our insular dependencies and the Panama Canal? Could they protect South America against a violation of the Monroe Doctrine? We emphasize these considerations, not because we want larger armaments, but to bring out the fatal logic of a policy of preparedness based merely on national defense. A defensive preparedness can be made the excuse ultimately for a navy as big as Great Britain's and an army as big as Japan's. Any armament ultimately sufficient to defend the United States may be regarded as a threat by other nations. It may result not in increased security for the United States, but in increased insecurity and apprehension throughout the civilized world. In order to avoid such result the President should help American public opinion to decide what the government should prepare against, and how much of a national policy the national armament can be made to serve.

THE decision of the United States to increase its army and its navy may bulk as one of the decisive facts in the history of the world during the next fifty years. A nation possessed of a navy as formidable as that called for by the plans of the General Board is certain to exercise an increasing weight in international councils. The new navy will become an indispensable element in any estimate of the balance of marine power. The group of European nations which could count on its assistance in the event of war would be able either to control the sea or effectively to dispute its control. The support of the United States will become if not wholly indispensable to the European nations, at least increasingly desirable. How is this power to be used? Merely to guarantee the United States against invasion? Impossible in a world which continues to use modern science to realize the objects of a predatory national policy. Impossible, that is, unless the United States went into competition with Great Britain and adopted the latter's two-Power standard. And what an unimaginative and impoverished object for the armament of an enlightened and let us hope disinterested democratic nation! For our part we should regard these super-dreadnoughts as a hideous waste if we did not believe and expect that they can be eventually used by the American government as the instrument of a better understanding among nations, and of the organization of an international system which will diminish the danger and the costs of war. In the immediate future the nation which wishes to count for peace must be prepared if necessary to count against its enemies.

NOTHING is easier than to recall to the colors the veteran array of arguments against the new government shipping project. The venture, it is said, will cost the treasury a pretty penny, and in this view we concur. What is proposed is to establish lines where private enterprise does not find sufficient incentive to do so, and it would be little short of a miracle if such lines were to pay operating expenses and a full return on the capital invested. But what are the alternatives? To abandon the trans-Pacific trade to the Japanese is bad strategy, commercially and politically. To relax all restrictions designed to make our shipping truly

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national is politically impossible. We should find little to gratify us in ships flying our flag but built in England, manned with Laskers, and officered with Japanese. Besides, even this shipping could not compete with the Japanese lines unless we granted subsidies. The Japanese line to San Francisco receives an annual subsidy of half a million. We should probably be called on for more generous subsidies to establish an equivalent service, if for no other reason, because the next Congress might repeal any subsidy measure. We have a choice between losing money on a government line, or losing money on a private line subsidized by the government; and there are good reasons for believing that the latter method will prove the more serious drain. We can escape the burden altogether only by turning our backs to the Pacific and leaving its commercial and political fortunes to the exploitation of other nations. If this is our will, we can save still more money by paring down our naval estimates.

THE project of government lines to South America stands on a somewhat different footing than the trans-Pacific lines. We have in that quarter of the world no great industrial competitor with the overwhelming commercial advantage of proximity. German and French subsidies do not bear the same relation to the trade between the United States and South America that Japanese subsidies bear to the trade between the United States and China. It is quite conceivable that in time a lucrative traffic can be built up on the South American lines. An initial cost is of course inevitable, but this appears to be worth assuming for the sake of ulterior commercial and political advantages. Private shipping companies cannot be expected to assume the burden of several lean years, to be followed by fat years that will attract competitors. Here again we can nationalize the burden, either through subsidies or through government lines operating at a loss. The latter alternative is the safer, for subsidies create a powerful interest favoring additional subsidies: witness France, with her shipping constructed to earn the subsidies rather than to carry passengers and freight. Government enterprise, on the other hand, will be subject to the constant criticism of all the interests, on land or sea, that have private privilege to defend.

A PERMANENT tariff commission, "to take the tariff out of politics," is an attractive ideal, but one not likely ever to be realized. The tariff is necessarily a political issue. Shall we have high protection, merely "adequate" protection, or a tariff for revenue? All depends on what kind of social and industrial system we want, and on this we are bound to have partisan differences as long as we remain a living nation. But with due allowance for the political essentials of tariff making, there still remains plenty of work for an expert non-partisan commission to do. When the war closes we shall probably want to keep our new dye industry alive and to extend it. What rates will be necessary? Fiscal considerations may make it desirable to retain at least the present duties on sugar. How would such action affect the ultimate consumer? In the Taft administration we spent a vast deal of moral energy in removing the duty on hides. We thought to get cheaper shoes; an expert commission would have told us that nothing of the kind was to be expected. At present we try to get what light we can on the probable effects of changes of schedules. Our department of commerce, our census bureau, offer much undigested information for the public and for Congress. Our manufacturers' associations furnish us with carefully assorted items of knowledge; occasional Congressmen make themselves "authorities;" a few professors and Ph.D. candidates prepare monographs more or less useful. What we need is an administrative body, as able and public-spirited as the Interstate Commerce Commission, before whom demands for changes in schedules may be heard in the first instance, and who may control the services of a body of experts to investigate relevant questions of fact. And we need to organize such a body now, before the emergence of the great movement for tariff revision that is certain to come with the advent of peace.

IF organized labor in New York were fighting the state constitution in the hope of securing one more liberal three years from now, it would be acting on an honest judgment which we should not be inclined to dispute. But when organized labor attacks the proposed constitution first by misrepresenting it and then by opposing it for its virtues rather than its defects, the total effect is depressing. What, for example, does the State Federation mean by informing us that the constitution "strengthens military domination"? Will it name the provision which embodies this threat? Has no labor leader waked up to the fact that the proposed constitution does not alter the law as it exists to-day in New York and has existed there many years? The other source of opposition seems to be based on that ancient folly of the American democracy, the notion that the more people we elect the more democracy we have. In marking the short ballot principle for attack, organized labor has adopted the reactionary line. On that issue the Roots, Wickershams, Butlers, and even Barneses are progressives as compared with Mr. Samuel Gompers, the State Federation of Labor and the Socialist party. The real evil that will result from beating the constitu-

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tion is the miseducation it will involve, for it will be beaten by those who are supposed to be the hope of liberalism, acting on misunderstanding and stand-pat prejudice.

THE defeat of woman suffrage in New Jersey was not unexpected. The suffrage organization in that state, although it contains a number of unusually able and energetic women, had not succeeded in organizing an effective propaganda throughout the state, and those counties which were organized suffered from inadequate resources. New Jersey, moreover, has never been a pioneer community. It has always been behind rather than anywhere near the front of the progressive sentiment of the country. Such being the circumstances, the suffragists made a remarkably good showing. A radical amendment to the constitution which can secure the support of forty per cent of the voters has a standing in public opinion which cannot be disputed; and it rests with its advocates to make for it a future which cannot be denied. The lesson of the election is that in one of the less progressive states in the country the suffragists in order to win have to convert only about 25,000 votes.

A Congress of Neutrals

A CONGRESS of neutral nations called solely for the purpose of urging peace is a project not likely to win official support either here or abroad. Barring a few fire-eaters who will be content with nothing short of the universal devastation of the German Empire, or the complete destruction of England, every neutral ardently desires peace. But men in positions of responsibility naturally shrink from exposing themselves to belligerent rebuffs. The parties to the present conflict are agreed that only those with arms in their hands have a right to an opinion as to when the bloodletting shall cease. And even if either party, or both, were growing sick of the strife, it would be bad politics to admit the fact by assuming an attitude of toleration toward a peace-making congress of neutral nations.

All this does not mean, however, that there would be no utility in a congress of neutral nations called for the purpose of working out a common policy with respect to questions arising out of the war. Nor does it mean that such a congress might not further the cause of peace, while confining itself at the outset to matters of neutral concern, in which its competence to act would be undisputed. In the first place, there is a broad field for discussion in the restrictions that have been placed by belligerents upon trade relations among the neutral nations themselves. England regulates our trade with Switzerland, Holland and the Scandinavian states without asking the consent of any of us. Not ruthlessly, to be sure: Sir Edward Grey's recent incursion into the statistics of commerce shows clearly enough that the British government is solicitous about the extent to which neutral interests may be injured by such regulation. But the question at issue is not one of the harshness or mildness of the British policy. What is of primary concern is the fact that this policy is arbitrary, and that the neutrals, instead of protesting collectively, are pursuing a particularistic policy that is necessarily ineffective. England is left free to treat each neutral according to its strength or weakness. She cajoles the United States and mollifies our irritation with statistical proof that we are the gainers by the war. She cuts off Holland's food supplies, until Holland sees the reasonableness of the British demand for an embargo on trade with Germany. Fortunately for the neutral nations, Germany is not in a position to counter England's action with restrictions of her own. If she were, it is plain that the independence of the lesser European nations would be already at an end. Each would be forced to take sides with the party most able to inflict starvation upon it. Doubtless the British command of the seas will remain unchallenged through the present war. But it would be hazardous to act on the assumption that there will be no future wars, or that in such wars the British sea power will hold its present preponderance. Accordingly, if the neutral nations were satisfied with the British methods of trade restriction, they still ought not to omit the opportunity for establishing a precedent of combined action in defense of their common interests.

A congress of neutral nations would have to consider first the legitimacy of belligerent restrictions upon inter-neutral trade, and second, the legitimacy of restrictions upon trade with belligerents. As neutrals we are of course bound to recognize the right of either belligerent to pursue policies calculated to weaken the military power of the enemy. Whether a given restriction on trade has this intent, or is dictated by a blind national hatred directed against the civil population as well as against the military power of the hostile state, is a question we have a right to raise. Let us, for the sake of the argument, concede the legitimacy of the destruction of our export trade to Germany. What military end is then subserved by stopping German exports to the United States? Germany can get no material thing in exchange for such exports. All she can do is to build up in the United States credits upon which she can draw when peace is restored. Is British policy directed toward the

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commercial elimination of Germany in peace, as well as toward her military defeat? Neutrals cannot accept the former end as a legitimate ground for action subversive of their interests.

Granting that there are neutral interests arbitrarily prejudiced by belligerent action, what could a congress of neutral nations do about it? It could examine, one by one, the various restrictions placed upon neutral trade, and call upon the belligerents to offer evidence that such restrictions subserve a legitimate military purpose. And here the question obtrudes itself: What if the belligerents refused to take cognizance of such a congress? This they could not afford to do if the United States assumed the leadership. The Allies need our goods, and they need our financial reserves. The latter need is sure to become more intense as the war proceeds. Accordingly they could not safely assume an air of cynical indifference to the proceedings of a congress for which we stood sponsor. Neither could the Central Empires ignore such a congress. As matters stand, the Allies are most active in the arbitrary disposition of neutral interests, and the Teutonic Powers would not be likely to disregard the opportunity of making out a good case against their enemies at the bar of neutral opinion. In so far as the policies of the belligerents bear the character of reprisals, the congress would be competent to suggest reciprocal concessions. Thus it would assume the rôle of a medium of communication between the warring nations. What is more important, in discussing with the belligerents the legitimacy of certain practices as appropriate means to national ends, it would compel a definition of those ends, and thus play its part in preparing the way for the compromises that will have to be made before peace can be reëstablished.

No one doubts that the nations of Europe are already weary of war. Nine-tenths of the population of each of the belligerent states would gladly accept any peace terms consistent with national honor. Less and less is the national honor of the one party conceived of as implying the subjugation and humiliation of the other. The time will come —perhaps it is at hand—when each of the belligerents will realize that further fighting cannot possibly produce gains commensurate with its costs. Yet neither party will dare to make overtures for peace, lest it weaken its moral position and still be forced to fight on. The initiative must come from the neutrals, pressing their claims upon both parties with equal force. And if, when the time of compromise has come, the neutrals have not formed an organization appropriate to the work, the guilt for further bloodshed will at least partly rest upon them—most of all upon the United States, designated by its geographical position, its ethnical composition, its wealth and its power, for leadership in the enterprise.

The Democratic School

A RECENT article by Dr. Thomas S. Baker, Headmaster of the Tome School, contains an able pedagogical criticism of the Gary school which is typical of the general attitude towards the Gary idea on the part of conservative schoolmen. Nothing could bring out more clearly the difference in educational values between this professional teaching opinion and the broad social vision of Superintendent Wirt. Dr. Baker admits the impressive social effectiveness of the plan. It is " the last development in socializing the schools." Mr. Wirt is " not only an educator, but also a social reformer, a city worker." But Dr. Baker's argument is really the specialized pedagogical one against the social. Where Mr. Wirt sees the school as a community center, a children's world, Dr. Baker sees it as an educational factory. " The social value of the Gary schools," he says, " is beyond question. Its pedagogic excellence has still to be determined." From his point of view, a school is not so much a place to train effective citizens as to make " thorough scholars." He questions whether " these side issues in the scheme of child-training "—the gymnasia, shops, laboratories, which the Gary school contains —" are really essential in mental development." He is afraid that the young citizens of Gary learn more from their industrial shops and science laboratories than from their books.

Dr. Baker's guarded argument is really a glorification of " intellectual discipline " as against an intelligent capacity to lead an organic life in a modern society which needs above all things resourceful adaptation and social appreciations. It is a question of ideals, and no more important issue was ever put to a people than this one of how we want our next generation trained. The school is not only the one institution which assimilates all the people, but it is the most easily modifiable. It is not only the easiest lever of social progress but the most effective, for it deals with relatively plastic human material. To decide what kind of a school we want is almost to decide what kind of a society we want.

If we only want that kind of a school which would " make hard-working and accurate scholars and produce thoughtful men," we must resign ourselves to a progressive softening of the fibre and capacity of the mass of our people. The average educator acts as if he thought of his child-world as a level plain of capacities. There is the mass of unskilled, unawakened minds; here is the level of scholarship, knowledge, civic virtue, appreciations. Education is to him the process of lifting up the

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mass from their primitive level to the higher one. The public school is the elevator into which all are to be shoveled and transported to the upper story. And the American public school in the last fifty years has been faithfully following this ideal.

The truth is, of course, that mental aptitude is not any such level desert, but rather a series of inclined planes. When we try to educate all the children of all the people, we are not dealing with a homogeneous mass, but with sliding scales of capacity. A mental test of the school-children of a state would reveal an incline extending in orderly gradation from the genius down to the imbecile. A physical test would give us a different slant, a test for artistic or mechanical capacity another. Stand at the center of divine average and try to lever any of these slopes into a horizontal position and you find half of your society squatting heavily at the lower end. You may ascribe it to race capacity, personal heredity, social environment, malnutrition, defective nervous organization or anything you please, but the fact remains that the greater part of the human raw material will be permanently resistive to or only dully appreciative of any attempts to elevate them to a level. This is true of any capacity you may choose. The outstanding truth of society seems to be the heterogeneous distribution of capacities. And the irony of it is that after artistic capacity true intellectual capacity is probably the rarest. For the public school to try to make intellectualists of all its children is a sheer defiance of sociological reality.

Some educators, while they recognize this diversity, yet insist on uniform standards, uniform curricula, uniform discipline, on the ground that social order in a democracy is imperiled unless the highest degree of like-mindedness prevails. Such a democracy would be the stagnant democracy of China. The result of these attempts at standardization have been the automatic centrifugal flinging off into space of the children whose interests were not intellectual, who were no more capable of being made into " accurate scholars " than they were into artists and poets. And from those who did not get quite flung off, but clung on with their teeth, we get most of our prevailing pseudo-culture. To keep on trying to " develop the mind " and produce " thorough scholarship " in those whom we force to submit to educational processes, means simply to go on creating a nerveless and semi-helpless mass of boys and girls who will never take their effective and interested place in the world because they have no mental tools which they can wield. Such a course is coming to be generally recognized as a kind of slow national suicide, a slow suffocation of industrial and social progress.

The schools do change, but the schoolmen yield grudgingly. Nothing could be more naïve than the test which Dr. Baker proposes for evaluating the Gary plan. Submit, he says, the highest class in the Gary schools to an examination by the College Examining Board. If the students pass, the Gary system will be justified of its children. Was ever a more patent assertion of the professional bias? Let the children drop out of the lower grades untrained except in the rudiments, but if the small minority in the highest class passes its Vergil and algebra and English literature and German with marks as high as the graduates of the Tome School, then the Gary system will cease to be considered a " mere experiment." If this is what the critics of the Gary plan mean when they plead for an " evaluation of this novel experiment," we may well hope that it will escape the peril.

Such a conception of educational values cannot become too speedily obsolete. A public school is a mockery unless it educates the public. It cannot make the rarefied and strained product at the top the test of its effectiveness. And the public is not ideally educated unless its individuals—all of them —are intelligent, informed, skilled, resourceful, up to the limit of their respective capacities. Life itself can no longer be trusted to provide this education; the school must substitute. The Gary school deliberately sets such an ideal. Democracy does not mean uniformity, but it does mean equality of opportunity. A democratic school would be one where every child had the chance to discover and develop aptitude. The Gary school, with its harmonious activities of intellectual, manual, artistic and scientific work, physical education and play, gives just this chance. Democratic education does not mean the provision of separate schools for different kinds of children, or even separate courses in the same school, as the movement for industrial education is now threatening to bring. This is to create at once invidious distinctions, and fasten class education upon us. To say that children are different does not mean that some are fitted to be scholars and others to be manual workers, some to be artists and some to be scientists. The differences are differences of focus and not of quality.

To most children will appear in the course of school life some dominant interest, and it is upon the cultivation of that interest that the child's chance of being more than a nerveless mediocrity will depend. It is upon that training that his chance of being absorbed out of the school into the social and industrial world will depend. At the same time, without a common background with his fellows he will be alien and adrift in the world. Interest and skill in one's work, whether it be making automobiles or teaching Greek, an acquaintance with the contemporary world, an alert intelligence which is

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always seeking to diminish the area of things human that are alien to one—a man or woman with this would be truly educated in any society. But both focus and background are supremely necessary. The present educational system does not really set itself to provide either. Only in a school organized on some such plan as the Gary plan will such education be possible.

This does not mean that every child is to marvellously blossom into ideally alert and skilled intelligence. But we can be sure that a school which gives opportunity for the development of the most varied aptitudes in the free play of a child-community life will have done all that it could. No one pretends that the Gary education is the intrinsically ideal education for all time. But we can say that, given the best social demands of America to-day, this school will make for the most robust, effective, intelligent citizenship of which we are at present capable.

Editorial Dilemma

ONE of the less happy aspects of the editor's life is the necessity he is under of coming to a decision on all sorts of intricate moral questions.

Imagine, for example, the plight of an editorial staff which was deeply interested in the work of a Social Relations Commission. The editors start off with high hopes. They believe that at last American complacency is to be shaken by a fearless, accurate, and overwhelming revelation of facts. They rejoice that in Mr. Frank Jones a man has been found for whom there are no sacred vows. The public with whom the editors are naturally in sympathy is also elated. Every prejudice they have is on the side of Mr. Jones. The people who attack Mr. Jones are at first those who attack every liberal cause.

But Mr. Jones, as he proceeds with his investigation, develops a rather unscrupulous method of attack. He appears as a prosecutor more bent on proving a preconceived case than in piling up and analyzing evidence. He shows scant respect for honest inquiry. He uses the machinery of his commission to make a large temporary noise, rather than to lay the foundations for a sustained advance. He associates radicalism with haste, untrustworthiness, and irresponsibility. Of course he makes enemies, chiefly among those who would be opposed to him even though he were the most scientifically-minded of men. What are the editors to do? They share his impulse and his enthusiasm. They resent most of his opponents. They know that if they criticize him they will be lumped with those who are congenitally obstructionists. If they support him unreservedly they are violating their own good faith, and telling lies in a good cause. They realize that most radicals, like most patriots, act on the principle of our side right or wrong. To speak out against the comrade in arms is mugwumpishness if not treason.

The editors do not wish to be prigs, and so they submit to their prejudices a portion of the time. They pass over in silence many things Jones does, though if Jones were in the other camp they would go for him head on. They squeeze every drop of justification into defending and interpreting and explaining him. And though they do not feel entirely comfortable and honest, they are able to say that Jones is emotionally significant, and at bottom profoundly right. But this raises the really serious moral dilemma—does the value of Jones's ideals cancel the poverty of his method? Does the fact that he is morally incorruptible make it of no importance that he is intellectually corrupt? Shall editors be entirely jesuitical? Shall they say that the hatred of poverty and inequality is so great a virtue that it justifies a man in betraying every standard of intellectual integrity? Is intellectual integrity a pale and foolish idol?

The editors may be the kind of people who believe that the honest use of the mind is the measure of our redemption from barbarism. They may feel that no amount of good intentions can compensate for the destruction of those habits of thought we roughly call scientific. They may feel that the really new thing in our world is not the hatred of evil or the passion for justice, but the disciplining of these emotions in the technique of modern thinking. If that is the way the editors feel, the appraisal of Mr. Jones will be a difficult and somewhat distressing operation, and in their modern and unpoetical way they may be compelled to search their own souls.

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Bulgaria's Choice

THE strangest fact about the European war is that for over a year three Balkan States contrived to remain its spectators. It would be hard to name any single question which is not at issue in this strife, but of all the many issues there is one which stands preëminent alike among its known causes and certain consequences. If it settles anything, it will for a generation decide the mastery of the Near East. It has seemed, so far, as though the peoples which had the largest stake in this issue were precisely those who stood aloof. From remote Australia and the quiet lanes of Dorset our new armies have hurried to decide the future of Constantinople. Nothing will be altered in Wessex or New South Wales if the Straits should change their guardians, but nothing will be quite the same in Sofia or Athens or even in Bucarest. It is a battle for one of the world's cross-roads, and its decision must alter the lives of all who travel by the highways that meet at the Golden Horn. Stripped of sentiment, the question is whether the German Powers shall hack a road through the Balkans to Bagdad, or whether Russia, adding sea power to land power, shall open through the Straits a waterway to the Levant.

A year ago an economist might have wondered why such a question should ever be set for the world's armies to solve. The land route and the sea route, which cross at the Straits, were in the custody of a primitive agricultural empire which opposed no barriers of tariff or prohibition to the penetration of European trade. The Straits were open freely to the world's merchant ships, the railways carried the manufactures of Central Europe, and Turkey levied her customs dues for revenue only and never for protection. If military force has been called in, it is because the rival Powers are bent on acquiring the political mastery which can be translated into economic advantage. If the war is fought to a decisive end, Turkey in the one event must become one vast German concession area, and in the other suffer partition by the Allies into protectorates or spheres of influence. The former alternative is necessarily fatal to Balkan liberties. A victorious Germany could control, monopolize and protect Turkey only by land power. Her weakness at sea even more than her strength on land makes her expansion a danger to others. To dominate Constantinople and exploit Asiatic Turkey she must command the land road to Constantinople. Not only must she to-day win a railway which will carry her armies and munitions to the Straits; the permanence of her control of Turkey depends on a political arrangement which will in all emergencies keep this railway open for her use. Where it crosses free soil, which is neither Turkish nor Austrian, the nation which guards it must be so absolutely within the German political orbit that no consideration of its independence or neutrality will ever interfere with the utility of this road as the great trunk line of the German strategical system.

It is in these bold and rather simple terms that we in the West see the Balkan question. In the long run and in a broad view, this is the central question, and it is puzzling that Bulgaria, a state which cherishes a proper and even jealous sense of her own independence, should have seen it in any other light. Sentiment might well have deflected her judgment. Her defeat in 1913 wounded her soldierly pride, and the notoriously unjust Treaty of Bucarest made grievances which cloud her whole horizon. If an angry popular movement had insisted on seizing the first pretext for a war of revenge against Serbia and Greece, the play of emotion would have been eminently natural. But the events of 1913 had other moral consequences in Sofia than the distillation of mere bitterness. The Bulgars are not an emotional race, but like many cold people, it is possible that they mislead themselves. They seem to themselves to act by calculation, when in fact it is their repressed and silent passions which hurry them furtively into action. The national mood was on the surface one of cool cynicism. They had seen recent treaties torn up by twos and threes at a time. Their own allies had conspired against them. Their reputation in the world had been stolen by an organized campaign of slander; Europe, which should have moderated the unmeasured vengeance of which they were the victims, had seemed only to smile upon the successful coalition which destroyed them. The result was a mood of disillusionment in which they put behind them the simple ideals of generosity, gratitude, and the common good of their race, and resolved henceforward to play for their own hands in an ugly and selfish world, and to deal to others the measure which they had just received. Sofia, in short, resolved to devote itself henceforward to political "realism" and when an essentially single-minded and upright people abandons itself to this mood, it is capable of going to extremes. In vain did any old-fashioned person talk of the liberties of the Balkans, the solidarity of the Slav races, the ancient feud with the Turks or the debt of gratitude to the Russian liberator. These notions, it may be, were still current in the villages. The capital meant

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only to pursue a career of national egoism, and unlike Signor Salandra, it did not even call it "sacro egoismo." To itself Sofia said that it aimed only at one thing—the restoration of those frontiers which the Treaty of Bucarest drew amiss. When the Triple Entente, rather tardily and with too little perception of the fact that disillusioned realists prefer possesssion to promises, did at last make offers which guaranteed the recovery of Macedonia as the price of Bulgaria's support, there may have emerged in the minds of the ruling party that other factor which all the while had fermented silently below the cold crust of Bulgarian realism—resentment for the past. Macedonia could only be won by fighting. But if it came to fighting, the Court and the Ministry may have preferred on the whole the emotional satisfaction of fighting the Serbs and the Greeks rather than the Turks.

A Bulgarian would not admit so much. He would maintain that he was acting on cold calculation, with the single object of recovering the rightful frontiers of his country. He might, first of all, suggest a doubt of the military prospects of the Triple Entente, and question whether even with his aid the Coalition could ensure the full realization of its own political programme. He would next insist that while the Entente could undoubtedly require Serbia to surrender her share of Macedonia, it would not be so easy to insist that Greece should cede Kavalla, and Rumania give up her stolen slice of the Dobrudja. But his chief argument would turn on that very question of independence, which to us seems to be the strongest part of our case. I often listened to such talk when I was last in Sofia, two years ago, and I can imagine how it would now run.

"Certainly," this imaginary Bulgarian would say, "we do not forget that Russia liberated us. But with what motive? To make us her tool, her advance guard. Our whole history since that day has been a struggle to preserve the reality of our independence against her. She opposed our union with Eastern Roumelia. She withdrew her officers when Serbia attacked us. Her secret police kidnapped our Prince Alexander. It was her Minister in Belgrade, the late M. de Hartwig, (I cite the current gossip of Sofia) who instigated Serbia to break her treaty with us, and his diplomacy also was responsible for Rumania's stab in the back. She has always favored the Serbs against us, because they are her docile instruments. She has always frowned on us, because we mean to be masters in our own house. If once she were established in Constantinople, our neighbor on land, with all the resources of a subjugated Turkey and an allied Serbia at her call, with her ships at our ports and her armies at our gates, how much would be left of our independence? We are grateful for the past, but we must look to our future."

That is the line of reasoning which has at length brought upon Bulgaria an ultimatum from Russia. The inevitable comment on it is, that each of the Slav peoples of the Balkans has allowed its gaze to be riveted short-sightedly on the immediate dangers at its doors. Serbia feared Austria, for Russia was not a neighbor. Bulgaria feared Russia, for Austria was not a neighbor. Obsessed by these opposite fears, they have allowed themselves to be drawn into rival political systems, when their only hope of preserving the reality of independence lay in unity and alliance to preserve the common freedom of the Balkans. An understanding with Bulgaria would have been easily reached if the Allies had proposed to set up a neutral administration to govern Constantinople and control the Straits.

It is not enough, however, to speculate on the reasons which have led half—or more probably much less than half—of the Bulgarian people into its present policy. The only architect of this policy is King Ferdinand. There is certainly no abler man on any European throne, and one may doubt whether even the Kaiser's personality has a stronger vein of imagination and of self-will. An "intellectual" among kings, governed by an ambition which ranges from the minor vanities to an imperial megalomania, it is his foible to contrast the superiority of his own gifts over those of his brother kings with the narrowness of the scope for their exercise. A really brilliant man, a scientist and a worker, he has persuaded himself that the magnificent development of the people whom he rules is in fact his own work. To give it a daring and dramatic completion, to make its quantity as impressive as its quality, to restore by his own gift of statecraft the old empire of the Bulgarian Tsars, that is the dream which led King Ferdinand into the avoidable adventure of the second Balkan war, and the still more reckless and incalculable gamble of his present policy. The adroitness, the subtlety, the power of management of this formidable but sinister personality has been his undoing. An aristocrat and a savant, he wielded from the first an intoxicating ascendency over the simple peasant politicians with whom he has had to deal. He was not popular; he was not trusted. He was often opposed, bluntly and stubbornly, as the Bulgar manner is. He had against him all through his reign the suspicion and hostility of Russian diplomacy. He lived in a world of melodramatic plots—kidnappings, assassinations, secret treaties. He survived and his survival gave him the assurance that by one expedient or another he could al-

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ways play with his domestic opposition and his foreign adversary. The truth is that it was the foreign adversary who saved him from the domestic opposition. If Russian diplomacy could have concealed its dislike of King Ferdinand, the Bulgarian people would long ago have got rid of him. But because Russian diplomacy too openly advertised its distrust and too incautiously suggested his removal, the Bulgars rallied to him. They saw in him the standard-bearer of their independence, and confided to him an authority which he has recklessly abused.

Ferdinand has done what no other sovereign in Europe would have dared to do. He has prepared war, against the unqualified opposition of political leaders who represent a full half and probably much more than half of his subjects. He has done this, moreover, in a country profoundly democratic and intensely critical of his last essay in military adventure. He may have with him half but no more than half of the little educated society of Sofia. He will have against him the old-world orthodox peasantry, which remembers only that Holy Russia saved Bulgaria from the Turks and knows nothing of the later discords of high politics. Equally hostile will be the young and vigorous Socialist party, which without being pro-Russian, is opposed to any war. His motives are partly a fierce resentment arising from his long struggle with the Russian Court, and partly the attraction of a dream of an empire spreading from the Adriatic to the Black Sea which German statecraft has set before him. Megalomania has reached in him a point which wavers on the margin of sanity. But it is a mad world in which any section of his people, the sanest and soberest of the Balkans can follow him.

The future is too dark for prophecy, or even analysis. I doubt if the Bulgarian armies will fight with a will in such conditions, doubt if the end of the war will see King Ferdinand still upon his throne, and doubt most of all whether in this clash of rival empires any Balkan national idea can at all survive. The madness of war is culminating in sheer lunacy in this Bulgarian episode. Some mechanical resultant there must be from the shock of the forces in the Balkan parallelogram, but no wizard could discern any political principle which it can affirm.

H. N. Brailsford

London.

The Ship Purchase Bill

[Economics of American Shipping: IV]

UNDER normal conditions the nationality of a vessel has become less and less important as a factor in our shipping economy. We seem to be embarked on a policy of public regulation grounded on the fact of geographical jurisdiction rather than on the fiction of sovereignty symbolized by the ship's flag. Yet the European war, which has revealed so many lurking signs of social atavism, has here also for the moment brought to a halt a tendency which seemed the embodiment of inevitable economic law. There can be no doubt that in time of war the most important fact about a vessel is its nationality. If it bears a belligerent flag it is a potential prize. If its flag is neutral it is entitled to the immunities guaranteed by international law. We must not forget that in the present war our foreign trade depends for its security upon the British navy. Had the naval resources of the warring powers been more evenly divided, fully two-thirds of our foreign trade would have been imperilled. As long as war between the great Powers remains a fact, and as long as its recurrence remains a possibility, the development of a national merchant marine must remain an object of our maritime policy. Even in time of peace it may well happen that a more selfish policy among foreign nations, born of the keenness of international competition and nurtured by the jealousies and hatreds of the war, will render our present reliance on foreign shipping a source of peril. As a foretaste of what a more intense economic nationalism might have in store, one has only to consider that Germany requires, as one of the conditions on which subsidies are granted, that subsidized vessels shall not import into Germany, Holland or Belgium any foreign goods which would compete with German manufactures.

In so far as the Democratic Ship Purchase bill may be considered an embodiment of a permanent policy instead of a mere emergency measure, it is an attempt to supply this need of an American merchant marine. It is the Democratic substitute for the Republican policy of ship subsidy. Indeed it is justified by much the same reasoning as the traditional logic of ship subsidies. Since American laws and standards make the operation of American ships more expensive, so runs the argument, the added expense should be made up out of the public treasury; by financing government ownership, according to the Democrats; by subsidizing private owners, according to the Republicans. It may be granted that sufficient expenditure by either method would add to the tonnage registered under the

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American flag. It is in its failure to give any assurance that such a specially created American merchant marine will subordinate its private interest to the commercial and social interests of the nation that a policy of ship subsidies is fatally weak. It confers special privilege in its barest form, yet it carries with it no adequate means of enforcing public obligations. Even a conditional subsidy is an ineffectual and unscientific instrument of regulation. It is here that the advocates of the Ship Purchase bill claim for it its great superiority. At a lower expense than that entailed by ship subsidies, they claim, a policy of public ownership would provide an American merchant marine which would be as much a public servant as the Post Office. It would adapt its service and its rates to what traffic legitimately needs, not to what it will bear. Private not public interests would dominate its administration.

These claims raise the issue on which the adoption or rejection of the Democratic ship bill should turn. As an emergency measure to feed the unprecedented ship famine the bill is no longer to be considered. All available tonnage is now engaged, while shipbuilding concerns have orders that will keep them busy for years. That the government could appreciably add to the tonnage of the world's merchant marine while the war is yet in progress cannot seriously be claimed. The pressing need of an American merchant marine has to some extent already been relieved. In five years we have more than doubled the tonnage registered in our foreign trade. The Ship Purchase bill should be judged not as an emergency measure, and not primarily as a stimulus to the American merchant marine, but as an instrument by which shipping can be made to conform to social and commercial needs.

Judged by this criterion, the government ship bill as presented to the last Congress bears but little promise of success. It is in no sense a proposal to replace private ownership of ocean traffic by public ownership. The $40,000,000 to be invested in the enterprise would represent but a minute proportion of the investment in the world's shipping. Moreover, the scheme does not appear to involve permanent public operation of even that portion. "It is not a question," said President Wilson in his message to Congress, "of the government monopolizing the field. It should take action to make it certain that transportation at reasonable rates will be promptly provided, even where the carriage is not at first profitable, and then, when the carriage has become sufficiently profitable to attract and engage private capital and engage it in abundance, the government ought to withdraw." Senator Fletcher, in presenting the bill to the Senate, was equally emphatic. This is not government ownership. It is at most private ownership regulated for a while by government competition. Regulation of public carriers, as developed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is a quasi-judicial function. It calls for a body of experts with inquisitorial powers, who must hear testimony, weigh conflicting claims, and develop an administrative policy attuned to the public welfare. That a shipping board engaged in the operation of a small merchant fleet whose success will naturally be its prime consideration, can achieve that degree of impartiality and devotion to the public interest which must characterize an effective regulating commission is hardly to be hoped for. That it could administer such a policy with only the crude instrument of competition is out of the question.

A concrete though hypothetical example may be illuminating. In traffic from North American to English ports before the war twenty steamship lines were a party to a minimum rate agreement on general cargo. German, Dutch, Belgian and French lines were parties to a westbound freight agreement, pooling their income. The more powerful lines involved in these combinations have enormous financial resources, and even before the war they were making huge profits. Into this community of interest Mr. McAdoo's shipping board precipitates a line of ships, financed out of such part of the $40,000,000 as it is willing to devote to the Atlantic trade. If the board is ready to institute a rate war, the immediate result will be demoralization and uncertainty. The ultimate result cannot be in any doubt. Unless Congress strengthens enormously the resources of the shipping board, the conference lines, by running ships at a loss, by terrorizing shippers into a boycott of the new line, and by all the traditional tricks of cut-throat competition, will succeed in forcing the government line to discontinue.

But in addition to establishing regular lines, it is proposed to build, buy or charter a certain number of free-lance tramp steamers, and to hurl them, so to speak, as champions of the public weal into any quarter of the globe in which rates have for the moment risen too high. Something akin to a government line of fighting ships seems to be contemplated. The demoralizing effect of such a policy need not be dwelt upon.

The Ship Purchase bill is in its conception vague and in its execution utterly inadequate. It is the work of a man who has achieved his reputation as a promoter rather than as a careful organizer and administrator. It is characteristic of the whole scheme, if one may judge from the public remarks of its backers, that no thought seems to have been given to the problem of terminal facilities. Yet without docks and wharves strategically located and representing a large investment, $40,000,000 worth of ships would be of but little use. And with all

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its vagueness and threat of rate-war and disorganization, this bill designed to promote and add to the American merchant marine can have only a deterrent effect on the normal investment in shipping. It should be repeated that the principle of government ownership is not involved. It is as an instrument of regulation, a means of exerting public control over a transportation system that has hitherto been left to the guidance of its own self-interest, that the Ship Purchase bill is fatally weak.

GERARD HENDERSON.

Adulterated Education

SOME years ago the alumni of an Illinois school were attending a banquet in Chicago. The speaker of the occasion was a good-looking Irish woman who had elected to talk about taxes. An impressive story she told of vast corporations and excellent citizens and of the way they dodged taxes. She explained the details of the bitter fight through which a band of Chicago teachers had forced these powers and potentates to disgorge some of the public moneys which they had withheld. Her fellow alumni were aroused. In particular one of the distinguished graduates, the attorney for the ——— Steel Company, found difficulty in expressing his indignation.

A year passed and another meeting of graduates was held, at which the attorney for the ——— Steel Company was the chosen orator. When the button was pressed for his speech he turned to the Irish woman and said: "A year ago you talked and I listened. Now it is your time to hear. You people from the public schools have invaded every department of life. Every interest you have dragged into the schools, and no one can forbid you. You have gone far beyond the three R's which the founders of the public school system proposed. Now you have got to go back. You have got to return to the original intention of the men who launched the system."

The woman took up the challenge. "No," said she, "the public schools will never return. They will go forward. They will go into your factories and they will change your factories. They will go into the hideous slums which you have created and they will clean them out. They will go into the politics which you have corrupted and they will make that pure. You must go back or you must change. The schools will advance." That is the issue between the Chicago Teachers' Federation and the Chicago Board of Education. The Board of Education has no quarrel with the teachers; but the wealthy gentlemen who make up the membership of the Commercial Club and their smaller financial kinsmen cherish two purposes which affect the schools. One of these is to have the cheapest possible sort of education. For the sake of low taxes they believe, or they accept the leadership of those who believe, that teachers should be reduced to the economic level of the young women who work in department stores or in factories. The second intention is akin to the first. They wish the schools to create for them a body of trained, efficient, and somewhat servile workers. The teachers through their union have thwarted both of these purposes.

Consider the question of teachers' salaries a quarter of a century ago, when the old "business administration" was in power and a group of distinguished citizens sat on the Chicago Board of Education. Before that Board came one afternoon a committee of teachers with a petition for higher salaries. The distinguished gentlemen listened silently. Their granite faces revealed nothing. The women completed their plea and were ushered out, and to a man the members of the Board burst out laughing. The plaint of the women was ridiculous. After a while the teachers organized a federation. Even then their power was paltry. They lacked the suffrage, they had no influential political allies. In November, 1902, the teachers decided to seek admission into the Chicago Federation of Labor. The step was taken after five weeks of deliberation. Miss Jane Addams was an advocate of the new affiliation. The teachers and the Federation of Labor fought out the questions of possible strikes, sympathetic or direct, and of the boycott. The teachers said they would not use these weapons.

Before that action, however, the teachers had brought their famous suits against the delinquent taxpayers. They had fought the leasing of school lands at pitifully small rentals, but they had not reaped the benefits of their suits, although through them four millions of dollars had been added to the public treasury. Other suits were instituted, and after the affiliation with the unions political pressure became effective. Finally the $250,000 which had been added to the annual income of the Board of Education from the corporation franchise taxes —obtained directly by the teachers—was paid to them in more adequate salaries. Each teacher on the average obtained $300 as a consequence of the tax suits.

But the salary struggle was not over. Schedules were shifted, promotions were determined by secret tests. Every device to divide the teachers into hostile factions was attempted. The election of Mayor Dunne ushered in a reform school board, and the accession of Louis F. Post, Raymond Robins and Miss Jane Addams to authority. The secret tests were abolished, and to some extent a teacher's salary was measured by her efficiency. Credit was

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given for work done at the local colleges, universities, and other schools.

The basis was shifted again when the Busse board put the reformers to flight. Edwin G. Cooley, now an employee of the Commercial Club, was then superintendent of schools, and a reputed enemy of salary increases. During the winter of 1908 a part of the Dunne board was restored to office by the Supreme Court and about the same time Mr. Cooley took a trip to Europe. It was possible for teachers to obtain automatic increases in salary by taking five thirty-six-hour courses in accredited institutions, and Miss Margaret A. Haley, the Irish woman of the beginning of this story and the business representative of the teachers, advised two thousand of them, whose promotions had been held back, to take courses at the Art Institute. To a woman they followed her advice during the months of Mr. Cooley's absence in Europe. The work was done quietly. By the time Mr. Cooley returned to Chicago the deed was accomplished. Never a word of it ever reached the public. The Art Institute was stricken from the list of accredited institutions, the registrar of the Institute resigned. Angry meetings were held at one of the exclusive clubs, but the strategy of Miss Haley had won. Not long afterward Mr. Cooley resigned. He had failed in his mission of keeping down salaries.

That is one side of the present hostility toward the teachers' federation. They have employed a general who accomplishes their purposes, selfish purposes if you will, but ultimately in the interest of the common wellbeing. The other side is not less significant. The Commercial Club decided to establish vocational education in Illinois. Clayton Mark, president of the school board during the days of the old tax fights, was chairman of the committee in charge of the campaign, and Edwin G. Cooley, once superintendent of schools, was employed to make a study of vocational education and to lobby for the establishment of the system.

There are two sorts of vocational education. One will produce a servile people and the other may forward the cause of industrial democracy. The difference between the two was illustrated when the first Illinois child labor bill was being argued at Springfield. The representative of a large glass factory made the usual argument that if children under fourteen were forbidden to work, his establishment would have to be closed. Miss Haley asked for the basis of his statement.

"We have found that children who have gone through the grammar school and had all the fads aren't satisfactory. They aren't satisfied to do the work," he replied. Clarence Darrow, then a member of the legislature, inquired into the nature of the work. "It is simple. Just picking up small bottles and carrying them a few feet," was the reply. The facts were that the company was unwilling to pay men's wages for the operation and it had not installed machinery. Consequently uneducated children were useful.

The labor unions, the women's clubs, and the Democrats generally have believed that the Commercial Club plan for vocational education was the entering wedge in the denuding of the public schools. On that ground they opposed it. The Chicago Teachers' Federation was given the major credit for the defeat of the bill in the last two legislatures.

Two more facts complete the story. Last winter the Board of Education discovered a deficit. It was naturally caused by a large increase in the school population, but the board decided to cut the teachers' salaries seven and a half per cent. Miss Haley organized a public meeting to which a large part of the city flocked, and the school trustees lost courage. They united amicably with the federation and went to Springfield and asked for an increase in the tax rate. This was obtained and $1,500,000 was added to the school revenue.

That sum was just what the Commercial Club wished as a starting point for its vocational schools, therefore trouble began to brew. The city council had decided, too, to investigate the school board's finances for the purpose of discovering how real the deficit was. Robert M. Buck, Alexander A. McCormick, and John C. Kennedy, genuine Democrats in the council, were put upon the council committee. Mayor Thompson vetoed the investigation when the school trustees showed signs of desiring to avoid it, and in so doing invited his first defeat. The council ordered the investigation over his head and the matter is now in the courts.

Then a curious thing happened. A senate committee on schools was "corrected" into the Senate *Journals*. Members of that body swear that the committee was never appointed, that the whole affair was a "frame-up." The committee met in Chicago. The school board paid for its clerks, or for some of them, an unknown "private philanthropist" offered to pay the expenses of the senatorial members, and the committee "investigated" the Chicago Teachers' Federation. The investigation consisted of permitting Jacob M. Loeb to denounce the members of the federation as "lady labor-sluggers." The chairman of the committee refused to hear members of the federation, but many innuendoes and insinuations concerning their character were made a part of the record.

The same Jacob M. Loeb introduced a resolution aimed at destroying the federation. For the moment, that resolution is ineffective on account of a court injunction. By its terms, however, no teach-

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er who is a member of any union or of any organization affiliated with union labor may be employed in the Chicago schools. Second only to Mr. Loeb in the support of the anti-union campaign is Trustee William Rothmann, a law partner of Roy O. West, one of the leaders of the Republican machine.

At present the teachers are aroused as never before. Hundreds who were apathetic to the federation in previous years are now militant. The prospect of salary cuts is a sharp goad, the unions are on the warpath. One of the anti-labor school trustees, it is said, is a candidate for the postmastership of Chicago. Already he is feeling the effects of his action. The women of the city are excited, and progressives and radicals of all varieties are lined up for the fray. Perhaps the teachers will go down in defeat. Only a handful of the business men in the Commercial Club really care about the schools, but they are willing to accept the guidance of an almost fanatic few. The newspapers have on the whole been fair, but public opinion is confused. For into this profound democratic struggle has been injected a false issue, that of religion. Although actually the big Catholics are at one purpose with the big Protestants and the big Jews, a ripple of the anti-papal panic has upset some. To them it has been made to appear that the fight is one for religious freedom in the schools, a delusion which is the tragedy of it all.

WILLIAM R. CHENERY.

The Offensive in France

TO understand the present offensive of the Allies on the west front a certain amount of retrospect is necessary. In September, 1914, immediately after the battle of the Marne, General Foch, who has many military virtues and some defects, was entrusted with the enveloping movement against the German right wing. This campaign, carried on by both sides according to the soundest military precepts, ended by saving Amiens but by losing Lille. Meanwhile the English army was moved from the Aisne to Flanders in extension of the French left wing. In October the Germans took Antwerp and launched their last offensive against Dunkirk and Calais. On this occasion the British, outnumbered at least three to one, fought a defensive battle which will go down in the annals of that nation as one of the greatest achievements in British military history. They won because they did not know they were beaten, and there has been no really serious German offensive in the west from that day to this. It is true that the Germans used young green troops, but that detracts little from the British success. For they did hold on against immensely superior odds, saved Calais, injured German morale, and gave themselves and the French time to reorganize.

In December, 1914, General Joffre attempted his first serious movement, against the German permanent positions in Champagne. The campaign was not a success, because Joffre did not have that tremendous preponderance in artillery and high explosive shells which is necessary for a successful offensive against prepared positions in modern war. In three weeks Joffre learned that lesson, turned the attention of Milleraud, Thomas and the government to the munitions problem, and refrained from a single serious attack from December, 1914, to September, 1915. During January, February and March, General Putz carried on a somewhat dilatory compaign in Alsace, and met with certain checks in the Valley of the Fecht. In the early spring Putz exchanged his command with that of General de Maud'hui, who had been in Artois under Foch, and General Dubail was put in charge of all the army groups between Verdun and the Swiss border. During May, June and July, Dubail, using chiefly de Maud'hui's troops, conducted a successful campaign of single battalions against isolated mountain positions, conquered the Valley of the Fecht, and forced the enemy to evacuate Metzeral, since which time the operations in the Vosges have ceased for reasons which remain obscure. So much for Alsace, which has always been a theatre of secondary operations.

Meanwhile General French, in the month of March, prepared a serious offensive directed against Lille with his reorganized army. His left was supported by the flooded region, his right by the troops under Foch. There is little doubt that Joffre and Foch—particularly Foch, who intensely dislikes the British—knew the attempt would fail, but the British, like the Americans, learn chiefly from experience. Most of the French and all the British cavalry were assembled behind the lines, and the battle of Neuve Chappelle began. The results are known; at a cost of 20,000 casualties there was won a lozenge of land less than the size of Central Park; Smith-Dorrien was removed, and the British nation, for the first time, began to realize the complexity of the problem of modern war. I do not care to dwell on the battle of Neuve Chappelle; compared to it the Charge of the Light Brigade was a sound military operation. But it proved what Bernhardi said about the British—that their offen-

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sive value against continental troops was open to question. The matter is simple; 250,000 English troops in trenches will fight till the last man is dead, if so ordered; but take them out of those trenches and they must be fed, and brought to the right place at the right time, and supplied with exactly the right amount of artillery and signal corps and engineers and transport officers. That is called staff work, and such an organization cannot be improvised, any more than the Standard Oil Company could be improvised. In the opinion of American officers it was not until the year 1864 that the Northern army became moderately efficient; it will not take the British much less time than this. During all this period the Germans remained on the defensive, except for two minor operations, one near Soissons in January, one near Ypres in April—the famous gas attack. In the Argonne, in May, the Crown Prince, who has evidently never been weakened, successfully stormed some trenches. But the Germans were chiefly occupied in the East.

During the first six months of 1915 General Joffre completed the reorganization of the French army. Foch remained in command from the channel to the " angle " of the line—at Noyon, south of Arras, west of Soissons. From the angle to Verdun de Castelnau received supreme authority, and Dubail completed the line from Verdun to the Swiss border. The character of Joffre is already too well known to deserve comment, but not so much has been written of his three principal generals. Foch is a highly technical officer, of great moral courage and of some recklessness. In his dislike of the British he is perfectly frank. He always wants to attack, and he has been accused of sacrificing his troops unnecessarily, but he has courage, tremendous energy, and great military knowledge. He is a soldier of the new school.

Castelnau is a man of the old régime, a man of whom it has been said that Joan of Arc appears to him in visions. He is an aristocrat, a strict churchman, and he well represents the France of the *Fleur de Lys*. He is a sound soldier, and the feudal atmosphere which surrounds him lends merely an additional glamor to his military capacities. One is glad to find a Frenchman of this type fighting side by side with Foch and Dubail.

Dubail is supposed to represent the radicals of the army. He has an excellent record, and since he and his subordinate Maud'hui have commanded the armies of the East, Dubail has won many minor actions, but the Vosges have not been, for over a year, the scene of the most important operations.

Such was the situation in June when Foch, in order if possible to relieve the Russians, fought the battle of the Labyrinth. This battle was merely an immense demonstration in which 300,000 shells were used, but in which the casualties were not great. Toward the conclusion of this battle Foch reported the presence of eleven German divisions, and undoubtedly forced Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria to show his hand. Otherwise the results were inconsiderable.

General Joffre was now in a position to resume an active offensive. He had the shells, he knew the German positions and the German strength, and it was no coincidence that the attack took place in Champagne as it had taken place the first time. As before, Foch in Artois made a demonstration in force, on this occasion supported by the English. But these attacks were only demonstrations, and it is a great mistake to say that the offensive was all along the line from Verdun to the sea. The offensive was on a comparatively small front—about seventeen miles—in Champagne, and again its immediate object was to relieve the pressure of the Crown Prince's army in the Argonne.

This offensive was a success—the first big success since the Marne—but it failed in its larger design to break clear through the enemy's line. That this was its design is proved by two facts—the fact that two such battalions actually did break through (admitted by both official reports), only to be captured, and the fact that there was an immense concentration of cavalry (statement by German official; uncontradicted). Cavalry is no use on the west front; it is concentrated when an attempt to break through is to be made, and its mission is to smash everything in the enemy's rear at the risk of total destruction to itself.

The offensive in Champagne can truthfully be called a French victory, since 17,000 prisoners were brought back to Chalons, and since the amount of territory gained puts an added weight on the Crown Prince's right wing in the Argonne, and makes his much talked of siege of Verdun more visionary than ever. But it was certainly not a great victory. Losses were probably about equal, prisoners included. The German line was only slightly bent.

In all probability the second battle of Champagne was never intended as a supreme effort. Such an effort when made will most certainly be supported by an equal effort on the part of the British toward Lille, and strategically speaking, Cambrai, Valenciennes and Mons are more important military objectives than Rethel and Mezières. If railroads are to play the chief part in the campaign—and of course main line roadbeds cannot be improvised—Valenciennes and Cambrai are infinitely more valuable to either army than any junction between the German lines in Champagne and the Ardennes. For these reasons I believe, as I have always believed, that the great French effort when it comes will fol-

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low the lines of the original German advance, and pivot as it pivoted before on Verdun. I prophesy that before the end of this war there will be fighting at Waterloo again.

GERALD MORGAN.

Mon Ami Pierrot

THIS is, most fortunately, an era of highly decorative posters, magazine covers and advertisements. Monsieur Poiret of Paris, Monsieur Leon Bakst and the Russian ballet have all influenced modern decoration and converted what used to be the most conventional picturings into delightful excursions in realms of colorful unreality. Across the black backgrounds so markedly prevalent in this phase of art, one is continually being struck by the presence of a white Pierrot. The Pierrot "owns" a certain field. He is flitting across posters and enlivening the covers of monthlies and is more before the public than perhaps ever before. Why is this? Not only, one feels, because in the popular mind he has come conveniently to symbolize festivity and lightness of heart and turned exponent of cabaret-show gaiety, a one-stepping, uncrowned king of the Great White Way. There is something more behind his perpetual figuring against those orange-mooned black backgrounds; some spiritual reason for his haunting of so many artists' minds.

What, then, is his meaning? A thing very far removed, surely, from the general conception of him as a clown with a slight French accent. The clown, indeed, is his descendant, but a descendant who has lost the grace and poetry of his forefather, and knows not his patrician aloofness nor the light yet persistent elusiveness of his ways. The clown, when his beating of the drum is done, will scrub his paint off, one knows, and hie him speedily to the corner tavern, there to eat cabbage soup and joke with his plebeian acquaintance. Not so Pierrot. When his day is finished, wandering through moonlit aristocratic gardens he drinks for nourishment the dew from the bay-leaves, and soothes his empty stomach with the sweepings of his everlasting guitar strings. Perhaps he draws his worn black velvet cloak a little closer about him as the chill of the evening breeze strikes through the floating white of his blouse. But he saunters on with a careless ease and a real delight at the beauty of the solitary kingdom which is his, and the moon shines kindly for him as for her favorite child.

"Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot. . . ."

A creature of song and moonlight, his appeal is to the fantastic in us, and down the ages he has sung his way through art and poetry, the representative of airy countries of the imagination, the laughing, pirouetting opponent of deadly reality. Born of Italian comedy and drifting across to the France of Watteau and Pater, he is a Latin product, how profoundly un-Anglo-Saxon the most summary inquiry into his character would reveal. For life is to him frankly but an experience, and his only morality is courage, the courage to laugh and weep and sing when the spirit moves him and to tell the truth as to what he sees; and for the rest he is not averse to pleasure or the playing of merry tricks at the expense of bourgeois virtue or Philistine respectability. He is the scaler of walls, the adventurer by night, who travels on tiptoe with a finger at his lips. He is the strummer of dissonances under worthy windows, the cock-crower before the dawn, the stealthy smasher of the watchman's lantern. He is the sly friend of little children, beckoning merrily to them from leafy distances and bringing them bright-hued butterflies delicately pinched between his bony fingers.

So much for the lighter aspects of his tradition. But there is a darker and less universally recognized element in his legend, and one which goes far toward making his meaning more evident.

If we will, we can catch a first glimpse of it in Watteau's treatment of him. For Watteau gives him to us grave, heavy, immovable, always posed a little apart from other figures that may be in the picture, as when in "Gilles," for instance, he stands with drooping arms, his back to his companions, relieved of the necessity for grins and grimaces, plunged in a sphinx-like and philosophical calm. An uncharacteristic pose, we would say, and leaving us oddly disturbed by its wooden solemnity.

Aubrey Beardsley takes him from the canvases of eighteenth century France, and, far from reassuring us, makes him very consciously grotesque and unreal and corpse-like in the decorative exquisiteness of his black and white. And finally Paul Verlaine, conceiving him in much the same vein as did Beardsley, gives us that clue to his significance which we have been so long looking for. Emphasizing the melancholy which lurks behind his insolent grin, pointing out with what irrevocableness the footlights separate him from the applauding crowds, indicating his freezing of mad and ridiculed passion into mask-like stolidity—these things which Watteau only hinted at—Verlaine has at last revealed the Pierrot to be the true symbol of the artist, the eternal player on the guitar, the creature who, by the fantastic grotesqueness of his costume and the unnatural bedaubing of his face, as much as by his innate proclivity for song, must be and continue to be different and detached and solitary among men.

"Ridi, Pagliacci"—Leoncavallo, somewhat

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cheaply, caught the idea. But Verlaine has said it once and for all in his astounding poem "The Grotesques."

> The wise man indignantly harangues them,
> The dullard pities such rash fools,
> Children stick their tongues out at them,
> And women turn and mock at them.
>
> Over their bitter instruments
> Clawing with untrammeled hands,
> They whine strange,
> Nostalgic, and revolted songs.
>
> For in their eyes
> Laughs and cries—fastidious—
> The love of eternal things,
> Of the long-dead, and the ancient gods.

Perhaps, then, living in an age whose preoccupation is not primarily an esthetic one, it is with a curious subconscious sense of what he represents that those who are creators of beauty among us turn to the Pierrot and rally around the standard of his gossamer personality. Perhaps it is that they throw his graceful irresponsibility half-defiantly in the face of material progress and praise the careless charm of his ways as a challenge to utilitarianism. Who knows? And in their pity, perhaps; in their sense of his solitude, of the fatigue as of a tired child that they guess at behind his jauntiness, of the fundamental melancholy which haunts his melodious path through the universe—a solitude, a fatigue, and a melancholy which they have felt themselves since they themselves are of his kin—they are echoing Paul Verlaine's vision of this eternal singer's isolation:

> He is not the moonlit dreamer of the old song—
> His gaiety, like his candle, alas, is dead;
> His spectre haunts us to-day, tall and thin and white,—
> And see, how in the shock of a lightning flash
> His pale garment, blown by the cold wind,
> Seems like a shroud—
> With the sound of a flock of passing birds in the night,
> His white sleeves wave vaguely through the emptiness,
> Mad signals which no one answers.

MARY CASS CANFIELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Texas Soldiers—Two Sorts

SIR: The following letter written by a Texas school teacher to an army friend of mine may have some interest for your readers. C. R. J.

New York City.

DEAR CAPTAIN: The civilized element of this town desire me to thank you sincerely for the splendid patrol you have given us the last few nights. I came down here from north Texas August 11th, to prepare my eighth grade for county examination September 1st. My blood fairly boiled at the lawlessness I saw going on, but you had only two troops at your command, and such a long strip of border to patrol that I felt it an injustice to expect you to send a detachment here. So knowing that Colonel —— had men to spare in —— I wrote him. I enclose his letter.

Now, Captain ——, I've been teaching here five years. I know many of the bandits in person, and I know most of them are Carranzista soldiers; but be that as it may, I want to say that . . . are all splendid citizens and are thankful to you for your assistance, but there is a low element here square against the United States and its laws. They are not citizens of the United States—refugees only—but they are a bad lot, and I like to remain apparently neutral on account of my position here. Both elements patronize my school. I have the children of the bandits, outlaws, gamblers, smugglers, etc., so I'd rather appear neutral.

A—— had his store, poolroom, and saloon burned by bandits last April, said bandits being guided by a citizen here. He wanted to put in another store, but could not on account of the threat he had received that another would also be destroyed. He refused to smuggle ammunition to the Carranzista army—that is why they burned his store. They told him they would. Now, when this occurred A—— wanted soldiers sent here, but I refused to sign the petition at that time. I didn't tell them why (I was ashamed of my race), but I'll tell you—it was this: Officer ——— had the worst-behaved boys I ever saw when they were out on patrol. They didn't realize that a lady could be a lady in a rural town the same as in a city, and they forgot that patrol was their duty instead of flirtations. I didn't sign the petition simply because I'd rather risk the bandits of Mexico than these undisciplined boys turned loose out here without a commissioned officer. But your boys behave beautifully. I never saw nicer young men. They are not noisy on the roads or streets, they are polite, courteous, and respectful. These are the kind of army people we want here. After you receive sufficient reinforcement I hope you can spare a detachment. This man A—— asked me this p. m. to write you to send your sergeant to him, and he would give the boys a nice camping-place here at his well and furnish them all assistance desired.

The information I am giving to you is private, and I trust you to treat it so, but three weeks ago when your army men and civil officers were chasing that bunch out over the back country, two of those fellows were here. They stayed here Saturday night, and Sunday when some fifteen of your men were in the store here the elder one of the men was sitting on a box in the store. The citizens are afraid to give these bandits away, because they have made an open threat that they would kill the first person turning in their names. These two fellows passed very quietly back to the other side late that Sunday p. m., carrying a boatload of saddles and crossing some seven or eight horses. When the river is not up, there is a trail here in the river bed that if followed does not swim a horse. Last Saturday morning about ten o'clock, eight men wearing the Carranzista uniform crossed here, and made their way afoot to the ranches north. When I saw this take place I decided I'd better ask Colonel —— if he couldn't spare

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a small detachment for ——— during the month of September, anyway. I presume this being the only open port is why so many of the bad element pass here. I understand from my pupils that just about five days before the Norias fight fifty men well armed and well mounted crossed here, claiming that they were going to ———, and three days later another bunch of eighteen crossed and went to ——— from ———. Of course, having been here so long and having the confidence of the people, they tell me many things that a stranger could not choke out of them. That's characteristic of the Spanish people. Until this year there have been several American girls here together, but last week at the Association at ——— the county superintendent forbade the opening of any but the city schools until the troubles settled, and that frightened the girls who were to be with me so that they could not be induced through love or money to come. Our superintendent put us on our own responsibility, so I came on, but I felt a little uneasy until you furnished us a guard. You see, Captain, there were men who lived at ——— (across from ———), who would come up here and cross and go out over the country forming little clubs called "Associadades." Now, if their clubs and the organizations are all right, why don't they cross at their own crossing? It's my honest opinion, and I believe I am about as well posted as anyone in the valley on the Mexican element, that if you put a rigid patrol here, and stop the passing at the ferry, you will see the difference in ten or fifteen days all over the valley. I think the biggest part of the movements are carried on through ——— crossing.

I know the boys hate to stay out here (I hate to stay here myself), but since this division is under your sole supervision I know that you want to get it under good control as quickly as possible, so I am giving you these few points. I'd rather you wouldn't tell your boys from what source you get them. They might mention it, and it could injure me in my school work, but the first time I see you I am going to give you the names of two men I want you to have your boys keep an eye on. They have been Carranzista secret service men, and formerly aided in getting recruits, ammunition, and funds to aid Carranza, even when there was an embargo on arms.

Before closing, let me say again that A—— urges that you send your men to him for any service he can render them. He has a good well and windmill, and insists that the boys use the water at their pleasure. He also desires to give them a nice camping-place where they will feel welcome. This man speaks good English, he is educated and is an enterprising citizen. He will be a valuable assistant if the boys will make his acquaintance and treat him right.

SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS.

The Working-Class Wife

SIR: It seems quite evident that the anonymous lady who wrote "The Chances of Being Married" in the issue of September 25th was recovering from a mental "jag." The anonymous lady has a career and wants to be a wife; if she had a husband she would want to be a widow; if she achieved widowhood she would pine to be an angel.

But the lady's friend, the sociologist, succeeded in making me more angry than those spokesmen of the middle class, Messrs. Kirby, Van Cleave and Emery, have ever been able to. It is enough to make an intelligent workman shudder for the safety of his children in college when a college professor drops this pearl of wisdom:

> The time will come when the women of the middle class become conscious of the fact that, though unregarded by men of their own class, to the men of the working class they are princesses. It is every man's secret desire to marry above his station—cosmic recognition of the fact that man tends to grow toward his wife's level.

Overlooking the fact that it is only the effeminate "glad" novelists who have had the crust to promulgate this doctrine since the Victorian era, this statement seems to prove that the learned gentleman knows nothing of middle-class women, or that he is painfully ignorant of the men of the working class.

Now, I happen to be one of those unfortunate and much investigated persons who receive less than five dollars for a day's work. Barring an act of God I shall always be in that circumstance. Yet I believe and affirm that I could acquire a wife almost any day—that is, any pay-day. I am not brought to this conclusion through any sense of my own beauty or deportment, for I am the average horny-handed son of toil with less than the average good looks and physique. But as I know any number of working girls who are tired of work, and any number of middle-class girls who are tired of their parents, I can accept no other conclusion. These girls would welcome any change—for better or worse.

I have lived and worked in many of the large industrial cities west of Indiana, and I have never found one in which there was any clear distinction between the working and the middle classes. The average plumber, machinist, or other mechanic who has the inclination may stand on the same social footing as the small storekeeper or the struggling professional man. In those higher realms where money is the countersign I grant you that he is at a disadvantage. In many of these cities I have known middle-class women who have cultivated large fat memories at the Eastern colleges, but I have never noticed that this training brought with it any of that sweet condescension toward men that seems to be the ruling spirit of Miss "F. B. A.," of Vassar.

During that period in a workman's development wherein sex is his driving force, the middle-class woman, whose chief business in life is to be feminine, has some advantage over her working-class sister. The working woman is forced by her poverty to make the gaining of a living the first aim of her life. But after that stage of development what workman in his senses would deliberately tie himself for life to one of those female persons, who fill our concerts with sibilant whispers, who elevate our drama by leaving it in the middle of the last act?

The modern workman, after he has reached manhood, dodges matrimony as he would a plague. He sees married men working in unorganized shops two-and-a-half or five cents cheaper than he. He sees family necessity making lickspittles of good men. More terrible than all, he sees the family drive a man deeper and deeper into the rut that never turns. One of the sociologist's princesses would make a much better wife for a workman than the average middle-class woman. The princess would give more and demand less.

If the middle-class woman is uninspiring, it may be said that the working woman is even depressing. But that is not true. The difference is that the working woman has no opportunity for expression—the middle-class woman has nothing to express. The working woman is not limited; she is not so circumscribed by her sense of social position, her duty, her conventions, and all those things that are so vital to the middle-class woman. I have heard middle-class women say that working women, thrown into con-

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stant contact with the world, were likely to be less virtuous than they. The middle-class woman having nothing but virtue must of necessity make that the one criterion of merit.

And, lastly, who the devil put the middle class above the working girls anyway! Some sociologist, no doubt.

"NUMBER 1123."

Uncultured America

SIR: After reading Mr. Hackett's rather too smart review of Mrs. Gerould's article, "The Extirpation of Culture," in the current *Atlantic,* I returned to it with renewed interest. A first reading did not disclose to me the attitude of mind which apparently spoiled a day for Mr. Hackett; nor, I must admit, does a second very careful examination bring me nearer to sharing Mr. Hackett's emotions. Almost immediately I find this sentence: "If any person is kind enough to listen to me, I will simply ask him to contemplate a few facts with me." Surely a disarming line! If the reviewer is not kind enough to listen, no blood can be spilled. And can it be that Mr. Hackett, himself an ironist of the smartly American type, is unable to read the satire of an ironical writer, all too rare in America? Mrs. Gerould, whom no one competent to judge can assume to occupy a place outside the front row of literary artists, is also a woman whose occasional essays prove her to be one of our most thoughtful writers. Of course it is too much to expect of an editor of THE NEW REPURLIC, a weekly so absolutely devoted to the most radical upholding of what Mrs. Gerould aptly—I trust *my* use of the word is correct—terms "the democratic fallacy," to agree entirely with her thesis, which is in brief and much to the point, that we have practically no culture in America. But after all, the fact that Mrs. Gerould's own work is head and shoulders above the average literary work being produced by us to-day, gives her the right to speak with unpalatable frankness. There is no chilly Brahmin atmosphere about the author of "Vain Oblations." And these are home truths: "Small wonder that the study of literature turns to philology, the study of history into archæology, and the study of morals and æsthetics into physical psychology." It is not well for THE NEW REPUBLIC to wax flippant over delicately insinuated statements of this sort. An article showing in how many and in what parts of our country standards of beauty and truth *are* rigidly upheld would be eagerly read by many of us who believe that Mrs. Gerould has spoken a much-needed truth in this paper, and is herself an example of a writer who does not swerve and never has swerved from a rigid standard of beauty and truth. And though I do not know the state of Mrs. Gerould's health, not being acquainted with her personally, I think she is not yet elderly; scarcely "sitting up stairs"; and I doubt if her mansion be Brahmin. Her mind at least commands respect from those of us who have no rooted objection to culture simply because our German friends spell it with a K and minus on E. Professor Wiener's Slavic courses have been introduced into her college and mine since her time, it is true; but I dare say she has heard of Dostoevsky, Gogol, Tchekov, Lermontov, Tolstoy, even the pathological and none too beautiful Artzibashef. An interesting point would be what percentage of our immigrant population are entirely familiar with, say, Tchekov, Lermontov, Artzibashef, Strindberg, Sudermann and the cultivated not to say sophisticated Schnitzler? Indeed, we might even press the point further and inquire what percentage of the rest of us are sufficiently familiar with the work of these assuredly great writers of their time to give us leave to consider ourselves cultured, if they are to represent culture to-day? Of course we may differ on the matter of definition; but "Contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world" has sufficed to define the cultivated mind so far. If Mr. Hackett has a better one to offer, please print it at your earliest opportunity. Meanwhile the surest proof that America is not sadly wanting in culture would be the insistent and persistent rise of a new school of reviewers.

LOTTIE CHASE HAM.

Northampton, Mass.

[The writer of the article in question regrets not having made it clearer that it was New England culture, not Mrs. Gerould, who was figured as elderly and "sitting up stairs."]

Definite Work for U. S.

SIR: I submit that the time has come for the definite formulation of an American policy with reference to the political problems which must soon receive the world's reconstructive thoughts.

In the settlement of the war the interest of the United States is little, if any, less than that of the belligerent nations. Because in our composite population are numbered many men and women from each of the countries involved in the war; because of our commerce; because world relations have grown intimate; because of our perspective, the voice of the United States will be heard and should be influential.

That is, provided we know what we wish to voice and make due effort to voice it.

Most war settlements have been made in closed rooms by men representing small percentages of the millions affected. The interest of democracy this time requires a different practice. I diffidently suggest that President Wilson invite Congress to declare the larger principles in a settlement of the present war with the recognition of which the United States will be satisfied; and, having agreed upon such a declaration, to clothe him with plenary power from the American nation to stand for its adoption, at any cost.

We have, to be sure, a small army and navy, but we have an economic power to which exhausted Europe would not be indifferent. By a clearing up of our own views into a commitment touching the bases of a new world's peace, we should gain in self-respect and in international authority. Moreover, such a procedure would be democratic. Purely as an object lesson of how the great settlements should be threshed out by a free people, the example would be good.

In his message summoning Congress to frame an American policy toward reconstruction, the President would of course lay down a basis of discussion. If up to now his leadership has seemed to be a leadership of avoidance, here would be the opportunity to convert it into a leadership by affirmation; to make it a positive force in humanity's upbuilding. The millions who have been slaughtered, the inestimable destruction of wealth already achieved, will have gone to little purpose unless in the settlement there shall be future security for international pledges, a better recognition of the rights of nationality, a larger popular voice in the decisions of governments. To help to improve that security, to increase that recognition, to advance that just aspiration of democracy is our duty. We shall sin by omission only if we be willing to register ourselves consciously and deliberately among the poltroon nations.

LIVY S. RICHARD.

Boston.

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After the Play

IT would be possible to tell the story of John Masefield's new play, "The Faithful" (Macmillan, $1.25 net) so that one would think Mr. Masefield had written either a tragedy or a melodrama. The scene is laid in Japan. Kira, who once ate "broken meats after the feast," and who has risen to be a Daimyo and rich, treacherously brings about the death of Asano, a good man and a lover of his kind. Thereafter Asano's followers are scattered and their goods seized. Of the handful who keep revenge in mind most suffer terrible things. Their mothers and fathers and wives kill themselves. Their children kill themselves or starve. Not until a year after Asano's death do they succeed, under the leadership of Asano's friend Kurano, in killing Kira. The play ends a moment before they kill themselves, in accordance with the sentence passed upon them.

Such a summary, which is literally accurate enough, wouldn't give anybody the faintest notion of the play Mr. Masefield has written. "The Faithful" is a story of revenge felt as duty and carried out as ritual. The scenes of killing are still and formal. Whenever a man is to die, by his own hand or by assassination, all movement is arrested. Something very like this is true of the play as often as Mr. Masefield's represents action, for at such times the play grows awkward, or childish, or remote from our interest and faint. When his characters are remembering or looking forward they say things that have a strange beauty. When Mr. Masefield is contriving or inventing his play is nothing. When he imagines and dreams he is himself. Bits of loveliness and color alternate with colorless and ordinary stretches, and the whole fabric barely holds together. "The Faithful" is like a flimsily built house with rooms on whose walls exquisite things are hanging, and where the echoes are memories. It is no more a whole than "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great," but it contains even better words.

Two scenes are fine as wholes. One in which the hero, Kurano, pretends to be drunk and mad, hoping that his enemy Kira will let him alone and not watch him too closely. "Sometimes I am sad," he says, "for all my merry-making. It is not such an easy world. There is a fellow, Death, who is a danger, if one could find him. I had a friend once; my head is all in a whirl; a very dear friend; I could weep when I think what happened to him. It was Death who took him away. I would like to go to look for Death." He says also, in one of the verse passages Mr. Masefield has introduced here and there:

I will go look for Death, for death is everywhere,
Putting his hands on friends and dulling women's hair.
Death took away my friend; and I have prayed for years,
But death has paid no heed. Death does not yield to tears.

When Kurano asks his men to avenge Asano's death the spirit of his invitation is not unlike Garibaldi's after the Roman Republic had fallen, and he told the men who wished to follow him across Italy what they might expect: "Let me trap no one. There will be no feasting in this fellowship; only a wandering in the cold, perhaps for months, and death at the end, according to this decree. Understand solemnly that the man who puts hand on mine marks himself for death."

A second scene, between Kurano and his son Chikara, which occurs just before the moment comes for the conspirators to kill Kira, is touched with beauty by an imagination that looks back and remembers. Kurano says: "Once a woman of our ancestors was defending a doorway with her husband against the enemy. She was shot in the breast with an arrow. She cried to her husband, 'Never mind me. But use my body as a shield and keep the door.' So he did." "Was she killed, father?" Chikara asks, and Kurano answers: "As far as such souls die she died." In this scene, when Kurano knows that he and his son are to die soon, he takes leave of life, without saying so, indirectly, speaking like an Elizabethan of his dead wife. Kurano: "If we see Kira, if we get near him, keep my left side and back." Chikara: "I will, father, while I live." Kurano: "You are like your mother, boy. She was a very noble woman, Chikara. She told me strange things, once, long ago. Come, now. Sing as we go, lad." "All the evil in the world," Kurano tells his son, "is at the mercy of a sword." Kira too has the gift of speech: "Sing me some song that means very much to you, some gentle song like your voice, a delicate song, like a touch upon the heart."

Asano, the good young man whose death ends the first act, repeats these words just before "he kneels on the white mat and takes up the dirk":

Sometimes, in wintry springs,
Frost, on a midnight breath,
Comes to the cherry flowers
And blasts their prime;
So I, with all my powers
Unused on men or things,
Go down the wind to death,
And know no fruiting-time.

Looking over these quotations I find myself more doubtful than ever of Mr. Masefield's reasons for giving "The Faithful" the form of a play. By this form it does not gain anything. Its elegiac beauty and its delicate appeal to the ear would have been equally felt in narrative, where Mr. Masefield's imagination, checked and troubled by the dramatic form's difficulties, which are nowhere overcome, would have been at ease with the old story it has fed on. I am assuming that the story is old, for I am too ignorant of things Japanese to be sure.

"The Unchastened Woman," by Louis K. Anspacher, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. What is the difference between the impression left by Mr. Anspacher's play and the impression his characters and events would leave if they were real? Although you sometimes wonder what their creator thinks of the people you meet, you almost never wonder whether this opinion and yours are the same. At the Thirty-ninth Street I kept wondering what Mr. Anspacher thought of it all, where his interest was centred, whether his people were as disagreeable in his eyes as in mine. He has been courageous enough to draw his characters without the slightest desire to make them sympathetic. They are never embellished or prettified. His "unchastened woman" is a cat. The part is played by Miss Emily Stevens as unflinchingly as Mr. Anspacher has written it. Miss Stevens doesn't make the mistake of playing as if she wished the cat were a siren. She brings out boldly and distinctly every trait, makes "the unchastened woman" heartless, venomous, spiteful, affected. Few actresses would be willing to use abilities as great as Miss Stevens's, if they had them, upon such a part. The desire to be loved or liked would lead them astray.

Q. K.

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Books and Things

ALTHOUGH I do, in all dealings with serviceable men, my modest damnedest to make reason prevail over the will of God, even I do not contentedly entrust my person to the care of a chauffeur who says "galore." If I owned a motor, and if that motor's maker took to bursting into anti-suffrage speeches, I should feel like selling my car at more than the usual loss. Once upon a time I knew many other instances of disproportion between effect and cause. Tchaikowsky once discarded a friend who spoke ill of Beethoven, and chiefly for that reason, although the friend happened to be Tolstoi. Near the middle of the last century an Englishman was kept out of cabinet office, or a bishopric or something, because he didn't like Miss Austen's novels. I had a friend once, now no longer living, whose failure to get an important order for horsecollar pads was due to his appearance, one fate-bearing evening, in a dinner jacket and a white tie.

Once upon a time I knew a youngish man who was erudite, mild, spectacled, exemplary. Let me add, to give you in few words a measure of his goodness, that he had never broken a promise made in adolescence to a portionless aunt who had asked him for her sake never to shave. This soft-bearded youth became in time a scholar so distinguished as to be indistinguishable from other distinguished English scholars. He also became engaged to one of my remoter cousins. Now this cousin too was not lacking in aunts, of whom one had wealth and that fondness for making destiny which wealth so often confers. This aunt, whom I will further describe as Aunt Myra, did not approve my cousin's engagement. She conceded three good points to the young scholar. He neither came home drunk nor stayed away for drink's sake. He belonged to a family which Aunt Myra looked upon and saw that it was good. He had private means sufficient to support a wife in the idleness of bearing children and planning three meals a day. Yet Aunt Myra would none of him. Were I writing fiction I should here say, pitting one aunt against the other, symmetrically, that her opposition was caused by the softness of the young scholar's beard. The real cause is best given in Aunt Myra's own words: "He is an editor of unexpurgated editions." In vain did I assure her that these editions were limited, expensive, productive of loss to his publishers. She was firm. When the engagement turned into marriage she changed her will, and left her money to another niece, who not long after Aunt Myra's death became the wife of an alcoholic piano-tuner.

Once upon a time I knew an old man who was president of a smallish railroad. For years it had been his policy and his pride to fill vacancies among the general officers by promotion. Other railroads, he used to say, are welcome to get their executives by looking the country over and bribing stars out of their orbits. Our own boys, he used to say, are good enough for us. Only once had Mr. Bolton made a considerable mistake. His general manager, as every one admitted, was a failure. Everyone rejoiced decently when this general manager died, and everyone assumed that the place would be filled by the general superintendent. There was much to justify the assumption. Mr. Franklin had begun as a telegrapher and worked his way upward. Throughout his career he had had Mr. Bolton's approbation. He was competent, industrious, straightforward. Great was our surprise when he was passed over and an outsider appointed, despite the almost unanimous protests of the directors. Several years later I found out Mr. Bolton's motive. Mr. Franklin, just before the vacancy occurred, had married his second wife less than a year after his first wife's death. Did such an act lessen his qualifications for the general manager's job? Of course not, but Mr. Bolton had his prejudice. The fiery old man would not listen to reason. He had his own standards of loyalty. And he had lived up to them. His first wife had been dead seven years before he married a second. His second had been dead five years before he married a third. He is survived by his fourth.

Having this furniture in my mind I have viewed with surprise the surprise occasioned by the parting of Mr. Couzens and Mr. Henry Ford. The comment may be roughly divided into two classes. "The occasion of their quarrel," says the New York *World,* "was Mr. Ford's extreme ideas on the subject of peace, neutrality and preparedness. With all their success and all their money, neither of the gentlemen had any lawful power to make war or to proclaim peace or in any other way to control the national policy of our country. Yet they fall out on an issue which is no more an affair of theirs than it is of millions of other men." Now I like the editorials in the *World,* and read them more nearly often than those in any other morning paper. Hence my disappointment at finding its comment on the Couzens-Ford case so irrelevant and unreal. Though religion is no more my affair than it is the affair of millions of other men, I shouldn't live long in the same house with a man who daily and loudly differed from me about the existence of God. Yet neither his arguments nor mine can either create God or destroy Him.

F. P. A.'s is the type to which the other half of the comment aspires. "Mr. Couzens shouldn't have taken seriously Mr. Ford's views on matters unrelated to the automobile business," says F. P. A. "Most of Mr. Ford's utterances on such things are no weightier than the observations of a baseball player on tobacco, or Mr. Thomas A. Edison's or Mr. Andrew Carnegie's opinions on things literary." This seems to me to confuse the importance of opinions with their power to irritate or to give pain. I don't easily believe F. P. A. finds opinions irritating in the ratio of their importance. Why, by way of illustration, have I lately changed tobacconists? Because, on the morning of September 23rd, when I went into the old shop, the man who looks like the proprietor was reading The Conning Tower. It wasn't his fault that he was the first person I met after reading the sapphics which headed the Column that Thursday morning. It was not his fault that I told him how good I thought them, told him I'd rather have written them than all the vers libre I'd ever read in English, told him that F. P. A. was a fabulously dexterous metrist, that no man was fit to read verse who couldn't hear the formal beauty of those sapphics. He couldn't see it. I took the *Tribune* from him and read the sapphics aloud. His ear could not taste their cadences. Soon I saw my folly, bought my tobacco and went my way. Soon, but not soon enough, for at every later visit to his shop that man has pestered me with his intolerance of the sapphic stanza. Of course I know his utterances on such a subject are no weightier than Mr. Thomas A. Edison's or Mr. Andrew Carnegie's upon things as literary. Yet now I have changed to another shop less conveniently placed. I am not quite sure that the tobacconist himself, at our loud last interview, didn't suggest this change.

P. L.

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A Novel's Ethnology

The Pastor's Wife, by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 *net.*

THE well known author of "The Pastor's Wife" is, one need hardly say, a delightful comedy writer and keen satirist. Her humor ranges wide, but for the present I wish to confine my admiration to the way she plays the part of a student of comparative culture, to what may be called in "The Pastor's Wife" its ethnological expression, its concern with the conventionalities of sex and of child-bearing, betrothal, marriage, the illicit and withal institutional sex relationship, conception, pregnancy.

"The Pastor's Wife" is the story of an English girl who, swayed by the spirit of a Norse ancestress, adventures on a Dent's tour to Switzerland, to become in consequence the betrothed of a ruthless East Prussian pastor. His ruthlessness is the ruthlessness of classificatory simplicity, his only interest is scientific manuring. As for the rest, his life, the life his English bride has to fit into, is the *Kultur* of his professional class and his East Prussian village.

It is on the Rigi that Herr Dremmel makes up his mind to propose to Ingeborg. During his proposal, he says to her, "I do not ask you—to love me, or whether you do love me. It would be presumption on my part, and not, if you did, very modest on yours. That is the difference between a man and a woman. He loves before marriage, and she does not love till after. . . . The woman . . . feels affection and esteem before marriage, and the man feels affection and esteem after." "Oh," says Ingeborg, "it seems—chilly." "Chilly? Do you know that a decent chill is a great preservative? Hot things decay. Frozen things do not live. A just measure of chill preserves the life of the affections."

Herr Dremmel's next step is to notify Ingeborg of her betrothal ceremonial—by a card pushed that night under her door. From the hall-porter of the hotel he had ordered a betrothal cake "properly iced and with what is customary in the matter of silver leaves" to be placed in a salon the following morning at nine o'clock, and he concludes, "Since no man can be betrothed alone, it will be necessary that you should be there." She was there, and owing to a delicious bit of farce I must pass by, other ladies too; but Herr Dremmel overlooked them, and "stepping forward took her hand in his and quite simply kissed her forehead, sealing her then and there, with the perfect frankness of his countrymen when engaged in legitimate courtship, as his betrothed." He then slipped a ring on her finger, and "the thing—at least so he supposed—was done." Meanwhile the ladies present consult together about congratulating the girl of whom they had been so highly disapproving. However, "their hearts were touched by the respectful ceremony with which Herr Dremmel had conducted his betrothal. It had had the solemn finality of a marriage, and what woman can look on at a marriage unmoved? They had agreed in whispers that this was one of those moments in which one lets bygones be bygones."

Again, in East Prussia, Ingeborg is to find that a ceremonial crisis is a potent factor in the emotional attitude of the outsider. She and Herr Dremmel are paying their first ceremonious visit of respect upon his patrons, the Glambecks. The visit is a stiff, toilsome affair, until half way through Ingeborg accidentally gives the Baroness the impression that she, Ingeborg, is an expectant mother. An atmosphere of cordiality at once envelopes her. She is put to bed, waited on by the Baroness and later on petted by Herr Dremmel. For him to learn on their way home that his expectation is groundless is a great disappointment. "We have now been married two months!" he says. "I become anxious. To-night—I cannot tell you how glad I was. And then—it was nothing after all."

When the Baroness on her return visit to Ingeborg also learns the truth she too is disagreeably affected. "Impossible to meet one's pastor's wife—and such an odd-looking and free-mannered one, too—with any familiarity except on the Christian footing of impending birth or death." In course of time, however, all are properly gratified—Baroness, Herr Dremmel and Herr Dremmel's parishioners. For Ingeborg announces her condition by fainting in church, the Herr Pastor having to carry her out, the Baroness and the rest of the congregation having left her to her faint until the pastor at the conclusion of his sermon might take notice. "Once more and for this day she outstripped the fertilizers in interest, and the laboratory was a place forgotten. She was pampered."

But the interest, the warm wave of feeling, is for her condition, not for her as a person, Ingeborg is soon to realize. The next morning the Herr Pastor "hardly saw her. He kissed her mechanically and sat down to eat. To him she was as everyday and usual again as the bread and coffee of his breakfast. She was his wife who was going presently to be a mother. It was normal, ordinary, and satisfactory; and the matter being settled and the proper first joy and sentiment felt, he could go on with more concentration than ever with his work. The matter was settled . . ."; for Ingeborg it is not, of course, quite so settled. One day Herr Dremmel finds her in tears. "This is foolish," he says. "You will only harm my child." "His affection at this time had watered down into a mild theory. She was not a wife to him, though he called her so; she was a *werdende Mutter*. Placidity regained, poor Ingeborg is frightened out of it by a reference by the irritated Baroness to the approaching "hour of trial." Ingeborg confesses to Herr Dremmel that when that hour comes she'd like some chloroform. "It is against nature," protests Herr Dremmel, "no healthy, normally built woman needs it."

In seven years Ingeborg gives birth to six children—two of them die; the last two are stillborn. Then after a respite from home giving her time to catch her breath and regain her soul, she revolts against what she describes to the amazed and outraged Herr Dremmel as "unbridled motherhood." "We shall be happy again if I'm well, we shall be two real people instead of just one person and a bit of one—you and a battered thing on a sofa." "Ingeborg," exclaims Herr Dremmel, "you call a wife and a mother engaged in carrying out her obligations a battered thing on a sofa?" "Oh, Robert," she again appeals, "it isn't as though it made you *really* happier—you don't really *particularly* notice the children when they're there—it isn't as though it made anybody *really* happier." "Evidently you do not and never have loved me," is Robert Dremmel's conclusive comment. Subsequently it appears to him that "a wife who is not a wife and who yet persists in looking as if she were one, can be nothing but a goad and a burden for an honest man. Either she should look like some one used up and finished or she should continue to discharge her honorable functions until such time as she developed the physical unattractiveness that placed her definitely on the list of women one respects." But after a vain appeal to the family doctor, Herr Dremmel accepts the situation, fitting his mind to his own comfort "with wife-tight compartments."

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Ingeborg's personality is ignored by Herr Dremmel; but it is ignored too, although in a more covert, subtle way, by the famous English painter, who now arrives on the scene and in short space makes love to her, or but for her impenetrable innocence would make love to her. At the close of this episode she returns home to Herr Dremmel. But Herr Dremmel fails to play the rôle of even an injured husband. He has not read her tell-tale letter. It lies unopened on his desk!

It is a primitive culture we have had the picture of, a culture where social classification is rigid and personality anathema, a culture of ceremonial crises and ceremonially stable intervals, but are these primitive features, we are bound to ask, characteristically German? Ingeborg's depersonalizing lover is English, and so are her hieratic father and her early Victorian mother. The attitude of the German Baroness towards pregnancy is paralleled by that of the English tourists towards betrothal, the English ignoring of childbearing is as ceremonial as the German advertisement. If finally the German institution "gets" or rather almost "gets" Ingeborg, is it not thanks to the earlier hold upon her of the English institution? Is it not six of one and half a dozen of the other? Why then the bugbear of substituting German conventionalism for English, one phase of Teutonic culture for another? Because, I suggest, although the German analogies are close, they do appear to be of an earlier type. Putting taboos of speech or conduct upon sex intimacy or upon childbearing is primitive, yes, but it is a little less primitive than advertising those conditions or functions and concentrating an exclusive attention and interest upon them. Ingeborg's mother is jejune, to be sure, but she is not quite so jejune as the mother of the Herr Pastor. Besides, one can but think Ingeborg's people are English antiques, more archaic in their setting than the Glambecks and the Dremmels in theirs. In other words, the English and German cultures may be the same, but they are of different periods. German *Kultur,* or rather the East Prussian *Kultur,* of daily life is a backward English culture, at a lower stage.

If this theory is sound, English, or let me say English-American, antagonism to German *Kultur* becomes explicable. Just as the Englishman or American has begun to escape from his social categories, his unyielding classifications of sex and caste, and, let me add, of age and of nationality, just as he begins to become a pragmatist, to grasp the meaning of personality, to have a glimpse of social freedom, his own past rises up against him as a bugaboo. At once he senses the danger of being thrust back into the prisons of the social categories, he becomes fearful enough even to wish to murder their metaphysical wardens, German sentimentalists and German idealists.

One must indeed sympathize with him; still may one not suggest to him that his panic seems a little unreasoning? If Prussian *Kultur* fails to subjugate the spirit of an isolated English girl, a girl utterly unprepared against it, and but for a single Jewish doctor utterly unaided to resist, could a handful of Prussian officials, immigrant administrators, convert the minds of millions of gregarious English and Americans to their views of life? Is it not more likely that the Prussian bureaucrat immigrant, like other Prussian immigrants, would be himself converted, in this case as in many others the conqueror becoming the conquered? Indeed, as one comes to think of it, a Prussian victory over the United States would seem to be the most direct way for the Prussian to be assimilated, for the level of his culture to be raised to where it will no longer be a menace to civilization.

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National Background

The New Nation, by Frederic L. Paxson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.

BETWEEN the surrender of the Confederate armies and the revolt of the Middle West there lies a period nearer and brighter than that occupied by triumphant Union officers and more significant as national background. Since recent interpretations of our present state have drawn so largely on this period the necessity for its history has been constantly emphasized. This history is now offered by Professor Paxson of the University of Wisconsin. In calling his work "The New Nation" and entitling his last chapter "The New Nationalism," Mr. Paxson is not thinking of the "new" nation that reached greater self-expression with the appearance of the Progressives, the election of Wilson and the outbreak of the European war. He does devote a chapter to the activities of Theodore Roosevelt, but his last chapter deals only in the broadest way with the political development since 1909 and concludes with brief mention of the coercive leadership and precise neutrality of President Wilson. The "new" nation of which he writes is that which appeared at the close of the Civil War—a nation that to many now seems "old."

Of Parkman, Bancroft, Henry Adams, McMaster and Rhodes, Mr. Paxson writes that they "led the way through history to an understanding of American conditions." I do not know that the author of this brief account of our more recent history had a similar purpose in mind, but he has achieved it. The accomplishment is the more remarkable in

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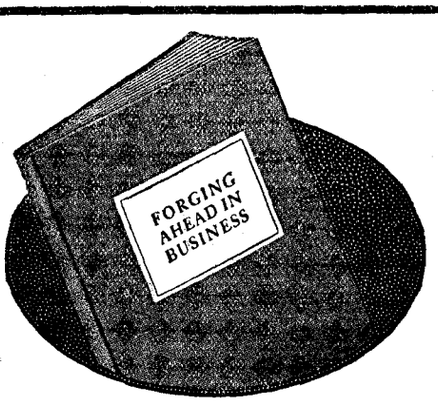

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that the period covered is so near our own day, and that the task has been so poorly done heretofore. Previous attempts to write contemporary American history have failed of even moderate success. One conspicuous attempt bulked too large and became too technical for general use. Of two brief histories published recently to meet the growing need, one is so sketchy as to be an aggravation and the second is marred by the zeal of the propagandist. Mr. Paxson's treatment, although necessarily brief, is not sketchy, and by no stretch of the most partisan imagination can it be termed propaganda.

A clear summary of recent economic developments, historical rather than interpretative, has been particularly needed. This Mr. Paxson supplies. Discovering in the years of armed conflict the beginnings of the new economic life that brought into being the new nation, he undertakes full treatment of this economic life, tracing origins and outcomes. So thoroughly has the author examined the problems that have become issues and so zealously has he expounded their bearing that the time element in this treatment is lost and each chapter might stand by itself. The result of his plan is baffling to one accustomed to the usual historical narrative, but the result in understanding, in my opinion, justifies the use of the method. After all, although we do not "live out" each problem, we do remember them so. Present conditions are best understood with such a background.

The chapter on the "Farmer's Cause" may well be read with some astonishment by men from east of the Alleghanies who were engaged in business and politics prior to 1896. To most readers the chapter on "The Last of the Frontier" will at last make meaningful the volume of statistics on emigration, expansion and reorganization in the trans-Mississippi west. Unlike many American historians, Professor Paxson has been west of the Missouri and he knows the West of which much of this book deals. His balanced account of its aims and its struggles should make for a nationalism in an elimination of prejudice based largely on lack of knowledge.

Let no eastern loyalist be repelled. Of Grover Cleveland we read: "Slow, patient, courageous, stubborn, he had twice held his party to its promise, and he had refused to be carried away by the transitory demand of the West for dangerous finance." Differing from Cleveland in his view of the function of a president, McKinley "had risen through a kindly disposition, a recognition of the political value of tact, and an unusual skill as the moderator of variant opinions." But perhaps the clearest example of Mr. Paxson's balance and care is found in characterization of Marcus A. Hanna: "Self-respecting and direct, he believed it to be the first function of government to protect property, and that property should organize for that purpose. Without malevolence, he conducted business for the sake of its profits, and regarded government as an adjunct to it."

Inclusion of the less conspicuous elements of an epoch gives us this paragraph: "The greatest of the new religions was that of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, in whose teachings may be found a religious parallel to the political revolt of the People's Party. Christian Science was a reaction from the 'vertebrate Jehovah' of the Puritans to a more comfortable and responsive Deity. It was the outgrowth of a well-fed and prosperous society presenting itself to the ordinary mind as primarily a religion of healing."

This history should go far toward bringing a more general appreciation of a national background for modern America, and this will shortly make possible a more equitable estimate of the public men of the past generation.

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Nothing do we need so much in the years that are just before us.

Le Bon went so far as to assert that "the dream, the ideal, the legend—in a word the unreal—it is that which shapes history." If you wish to find this dictum pointed out in our last fifty years you will seek it elsewhere than in Dr. Paxson's book.

Who Began the War?

The Diplomacy of the War of 1914: The Beginnings of the War, by Ellery C. Stowell, Assistant Professor of International Law, Columbia University. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.00.

IN one sense it is unreal to write the history of twelve days. History has no beginnings and no endings, and what happens to-day grows out of the events of forty or four hundred years ago. I am sure that among the Germans, who have a morbidly historical sense, there are some who justify their invasion of Belgium, not on any guilty negotiations of that inoffensive neighbor, but upon something that Charlemagne did or said or perhaps upon the ancient treaty of Verdun, which was signed, sealed and delivered a thousand and seventy-two years ago. Yet one must begin somewhere, and wherever one begins is in the very middle of things. We need not complain therefore because Professor Stowell devotes 478 interesting pages to the negotiations between July 23rd and August 4th, 1914, and only 38 pages to the whole prior history of European diplomacy.

Even to handle the history of these twelve days was a problem of immense difficulty. The material in the various official documents is so confusing, the points of view and the questions raised are so many that the author is obliged to work out some logical method of presentation. In M. A. Price's "The Diplomatic History of the War" a purely chronological method is followed, and whatever occurred on July 27th is put together and precedes whatever happened on subsequent days. In another class of books and pamphlets, of which Guglielmo Ferrero's introduction to Andriulli's "Documents Relating to the Great War" is an example, a more dramatic method is adopted. Ferrero, concentrating attention on a single moment, the evening of Wednesday, July 29th, seeks to establish that late that evening the German Emperor and his General Staff at a conference at Potsdam decided finally upon war, and he asks us to interpret everything that follows in the light of this fateful decision. Professor Stowell seeks a middle course. He abjures both the dramatic and the purely chronological methods. He divides his subject into a series of topics arranged in a loose chronological order, but also grouped so as to take up separately the attitude of each nation as it drifted towards the war. The titles of the chapters are therefore significant: The Austro-Serb Conflict; The Austro-Russian Discussions; Germany's Situation; France Supports Russia; Mobilization; The Breakdown of the Concert; Sir Edward Grey and the English Diplomacy; Belgian Neutrality; Italy Remains Neutral; Conclusion.

The advantage of this method is that you can find out all about Sir Edward Grey or Belgium or the Russian mobilization without consulting the excellent index, and without burdening your mind with the exact hour of the exact day upon which a given event is supposed to have occurred. The disadvantage is an intolerable repetitiousness. It is interesting to find the same event considered by so many

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different minds under so many different aspects, but in the end we succumb to the feeling that we are reading in a circle.

And yet this feeling is hardly fair to Professor Stowell. A careful study of his book reveals how thoroughly he has mastered his refractory and over-voluminous material and has compacted it into a many-sided though unified story. Occasionally he shows a somewhat disproportioned sense of the relative importance of events, as when he consigns to a foot-note the telegraphic exchanges between Kaiser and Czar (which form the keystone of the official German case), or when he neglects to refer to the Potsdam meeting of July 29th, which is clearly indicated in Ambassador Goschen's dispatches, and, as we have seen, is considered by Ferrero to be the crucial event of the entire negotiations. In the main, however, Professor Stowell not only makes his account complete and consistent, but brings to his subject a well-balanced and impartial mind. Compare his scrupulous study of the complicated Austro-Serbian diplomatic exchanges with the impressionistic and partisan account of the same negotiations in the anti-German book *J'accuse*. Or consider his analyses of the exact time of Russian mobilization, of the Belgian invasion, of the alleged intent of Austria and of Germany to provoke a war, of the British responsibility, of the British motives.

In his handling of all these questions Professor Stowell strives to remain perfectly impartial and detached. In the end, however, the book becomes a defense of Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy during the two weeks preceding the war, and a definite fixing of responsibility for the immediate outbreak of the conflict upon Germany and Austria.

Professor Stowell's fixing of responsibility upon Germany is somewhat guarded. "I do not wish to be misunderstood," he says, "as thinking that Germany really wished for war; but by her conduct she gave evidence that she intended to back up her ally to secure a diplomatic triumph and the subjugation of her neighbor, which would greatly have strengthened Teutonic influence in the Balkans. She risked the peace of Europe in a campaign after prestige."

A few months ago while on a visit to Berlin I was talking with one of the leading German scientists upon the subject of the responsibility for the war. We argued over the "Denkschrift" and the White Paper, and over events that led up to events that led up to events. "The cause of any war," concluded the scientist, "lies deep in the past and its justification is far off in the future. Who was responsible for the Peloponnesian War?"

The question was staggering. I remembered vaguely something about an embassy of the Corcyraeans to Athens, and of various exciting incidents that aroused the animosity of Sparta, but I doubted whether even after the lapse of twenty-three hundred years, one was in a position to judge of the actions and intentions of these men. Whether Athens or Sparta was the aggressor seemed to be of less importance than whether a conflict between these city-states was inevitable. And this, I think, marks the limits in an historical sense of the usefulness of official apologies as well as of conscientious studies like this book of Stowell's. The diplomacy immediately preceding the war convinces me, as it has convinced Professor Stowell, that the great Central Powers were the immediate aggressors. But the greater problem lies beyond. We should like a study of British diplomacy not during twelve days, but during twelve or a hundred years. It is important to decide whether Germany was immediately to blame, but it is not finally important. We are less interested in knowing that Germany was the aggressor than why she was the aggressor.

WALTER E. WEYL.

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